

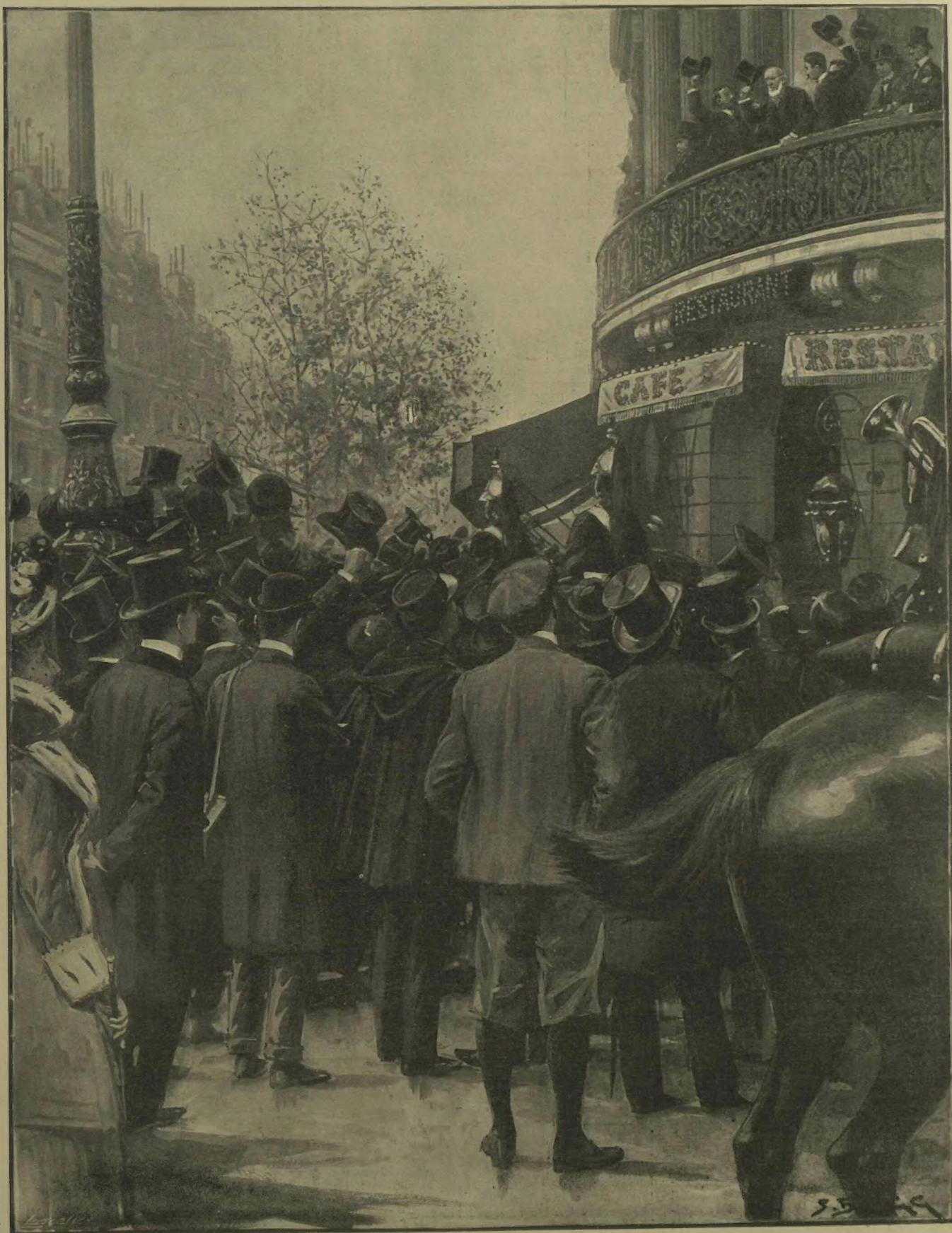
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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MR. KRUGER IN PARIS: THE EX-PRESIDENT AND DR. LEYDS ON THE BALCONY OF THE HOTEL SCRIBE.

*From a Photograph by a Correspondent.*

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

To "boo" or not to "boo" is a question that might occupy Hamlet's leisure if he were with us now, and still interested in the stage. It agitates theatrical managers, who sometimes resent the "boozing" of discontented playgoers with more point than prudence. Nothing is more deeply rooted in the British mind than the conviction that the right to applaud in a theatre carries with it the right to objurgate. Logically, this position is unassailable; but certain issues are beyond the province of logic, and within the province of manners. There is no harm, and a great deal of satisfaction, in cheering the successful manager and his dramatist on the first night; but is it quite seemly to flout and jeer them when they are disappointing? Bouquets may be thrown at a favourite player without any sacrifice of breeding. I have seen a lady receive one of these tributes of enthusiasm full in the face. She took it with the utmost good humour; but if some malcontent had flung a cabbage at her she would have been justly incensed. On the confines of civilisation, I believe, the vegetable, as a medium of public disapproval, is still the logical counterpart of the bouquet. At the centre, as Matthew Arnold would say, we have ceased to throw missiles at actors; but the "boo" is still a weapon of stern impartiality. Is it too much to hope that this rather crude survival of primitive instinct will disappear at last in the process of refinement?

Some incorruptible patron of the drama may answer me thus: "It is all very fine, this plea of manners; but you don't see that, if it be accepted, an entirely misleading impression may arise as to the reception of a new play. Wholly unsatisfactory work will be applauded, for there are always people to applaud anything on a first night. Manager and author will receive the tumultuous congratulations of their friends in the stalls and boxes; and if your rule of taste and propriety is to muzzle the pit and gallery, it will go forth to the world that the play is a great success." Such an argument overlooks one or two important considerations. It does not reckon with the newspapers. Very little trace of tumultuous congratulation may be found in the commentaries next morning. Then the friends in the stalls and boxes will not spread good reports of a play that has failed to please them. A theatre is a place where you are either entertained or consumedly bored. I defy any man who has been bored at the play to pretend that he enjoyed his evening. Society maintains many shams, but it cannot maintain such a sham as that. It cannot even simulate delight in the stalls and boxes; for nothing is so marked on a first night as the absence of tumultuous congratulations when the play has struck no responsive chord. No criticism is so deadly as the chill of the amiably disposed, when the blight of dullness steals over them, choking even the natural desire to discuss frills between the acts.

Silence, then, is a far more effective weapon for the dissatisfied first-nighter than the most hostile noise. I remember a ghost story of Miss Braddon's, called "The Cold Embrace." A gentleman was haunted by the angry spirit of a lady. I forget what had happened between them! Perhaps he had deliberately taken her to all the dull plays he could find until she died of depression. At any rate, her ghost used to come behind him and fold a pair of icy-cold arms round his neck. I think of that when I see the players striving to be gay and spontaneous, although the piece has bored the audience to death in the first act. It seems as if ghostly arms were extended over the stage, and were strangling the unfortunate actors. Suddenly there is a pause, and you hear the anxious voice of the prompter. This does not mean that the heroine is imperfectly acquainted with her part; it means that she is suffocating in the cold embrace of that tedium which is exhaled from paralysed sympathies all over the house.

What greater punishment does the stern independence of pit and gallery desire to inflict? But, of course, it is not a question of punishment. It is a point of dignity. Pit and gallery want to maintain the old tradition that made them the arbiters of the drama. The Roman lady would have felt slighted if she had not been allowed to doom the vanquished gladiator to death by turning down her thumb. The gallery loves to turn down its thumb, if need be, or rather to exercise its dannatory throat. In the old days, when Churchill (not Winston) sat in the pit with a huge cudgel, the fate of a play was not committed to time and the box-office, but was determined on the spot by the force of opinion, and sometimes of arms. This pleasant custom gave to many citizens the opportunity they would otherwise have lacked of showing their mettle. They might be cipher in affairs of State, but they were law-givers of the drama, and they made good their authority by personal prowess. Something of this doughty spirit still lingers in pit and gallery, and is entitled to more than historical respect, because it takes the drama with a seriousness not accorded by the vagrant graces of stalls and boxes. I had the honour to sit behind a newly appointed Cabinet Minister at a recent performance of "Herod." His opinion of the play was delivered in that resonant voice I have often admired in statements of Treasury figures in the House of Commons;

but all he said was: "I like to come to the theatre to see the costumes." Now your playgoer in the gallery goes to see the play, and the distinction should be counted to him for righteousness; but I wish he would assert his superiority humanely by practising a stony indifference to what displeases him, instead of "boozing" the author, particularly when the author happens to be a lady.

The Amir of Afghanistan, in his remarkable Auto-biography, which Mr. Murray has just published, describes an infallible charm against bullets. He obtained it from a holy man who was full of its virtues; but the practical Amir was not satisfied until he had tried it, not on the proverbial dog, but on a sheep. He tied it round the sheep's neck, and then engaged in musketry exercise, with the sheep as a target. The range is not stated; nor have we any evidence as to the Amir's skill in marksmanship; but, judging from his conspicuous desire for thoroughness in everything, I think it is fair to assume that he did his best to put a bullet through the animal. It remained uninjured; its fleece was not even blemished; so the satisfied monarch hung the amulet round his own neck. Soon after that a discontented soldier fired at him point-blank. The bullet passed in some mysterious way through the chair he was sitting on, and he was convinced that, but for the charm, it would have perforated his body. I can hear the dramatic author sighing with envy when he or she reads that story. How delightful it would be, with such an amulet round one's neck, to step in front of the curtain to receive the plaudits of the friendly, and to see the hostile mouths, opened to "boo," suddenly petrified into stillness!

Can none of our magicians discover a charm with this potency? We want amulets against the future, lest it should "boo" at us. I wonder that no lady with an abode of magic in Bond Street, and files of sandwichmen to advertise her, dreams of selling talismans against criticism, and seals to ensure the acceptance of manuscripts. What a blessed comfort, when you are addressing your novel to a publisher, would be a hieroglyph in a corner to hypnotise his eye! Beauty is the only amulet that has even a moderate success. A black cat on your doorstep may serve the purpose now and then; but you cannot have relays of black cats. Charlotte Brontë as Mr. George Smith tells us in *Cornhill*, longed for beauty more than for fame. "There was but little feminine charm about her; and of this fact she herself was uneasily and perpetually conscious. It may seem strange that the possession of genius did not lift her above the weakness of an excessive anxiety about her personal appearance. But I believe that she would have given all her genius and her fame to have been beautiful. Perhaps few women ever existed more anxious to be pretty than she, or more angrily conscious of the circumstance that she was not pretty." *Jane Eyre* was not pretty, but she had a feminine charm that has endured already for more than fifty years. What it must have cost her creator to invest her with the magic that was denied to poor Charlotte Brontë!

A French Deputy has proposed to tax all unmarried people in France, and also the married who are childless. To this a misogynist retorts by demanding a tax on love, as the root of all mischief. He would have an army of inspectors to keep watch for flirtations. Any citizen found in conversation with a lady should be required to show that it was not of an amatory character. This ought to please Tolstoy in his lighter moods, if he ever has a lighter mood. He traces the ills of mankind partly to the error of resisting evil, and partly to the passion of man for woman. If we would leave off correcting criminals, and be as adamant, not as Adam, to feminine charm, the world would be a happier place to live in, as long as anybody was left to live in it. Perhaps a tax on beauty would help this philosophy. Huxley says in one of his letters that about thirty years ago he thought the womanhood of this island was "going to the dogs." He was alluding to the degeneracy of the physical standard. But, writing some ten years back, he declared that the daughters of Britain had grown fair and strong beyond all comparison, and he ascribed this development not merely to the greater freedom of physical exercises, but chiefly to the multiplying and the widening of women's aims and pursuits.

Beauty has grown, to be sure, out of all bounds. A friend of mine, who travels much, is never tired of remarking to me, when he returns to London, upon the multitude of beautiful women he meets in Piccadilly. Now is your time, my dear Chancellor of the Exchequer, to tax such ravishing looks. If these are not discouraged by financial pinching, the disciples of Tolstoy amongst us will have very little scope for the application of his chief doctrine. Besides, the amulet of beauty is notoriously monopolised by one sex, and that is a grievance to thoughtful men. If you ask how it is to be remedied, and how the loveliness of woman is to be suppressed by taxation, I need only suggest that economic pressure may induce men to marry the plainest women, and leave the handsomest to pine unchosen. This plan would be difficult to work out; but after a generation or two of plain children, how free the world would be from jealousy and heart-burnings!

## THE LATE SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Born in 1842, Sir Arthur Sullivan was the son of a bandmaster at Kneller Hall, the school of military musical instruction. He entered the Chapel Royal when he was twelve years of age, and from the outset his career was made clear to him. Obtaining the Mendelssohn Scholarship, he studied at the Royal Academy of Music under Goss and Sterndale Bennett. Three years in Leipzig preceded the successful production of music for "The Tempest." He produced the cantata "Kenilworth" at the Birmingham Festival of 1864; and, by an odd fate, he who was to owe something of his unique success at the Savoy to the librettist with whom his name is most closely associated, started on an unfortunate marriage of his music with Mr. Chorley's very poor libretto, "The Sapphire Necklace." The death of his father plunged Sir Arthur Sullivan into deeps from which he drew himself to write with instant feeling the "In Memoriam" overture, produced with instant effect at the Norwich Festival of 1866. "Orpheus and his Lute" and other songs belong also to this period.

A new period may be said to begin with the production of "Cox and Box," the words of which, by Mr. F. C. Burnand, were set to music with that fresh and delightful drollery which was to make so great a contribution to the gaiety of the composer's own and other nations. The association of Mr. Gilbert with Sir Arthur Sullivan is too well known to need more than a reference. From the date of "Trial by Jury," 1875, this fruitful partnership gave the public "The Sorcerer," "H.M.S. Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Iolanthe," "Princess Ida," "The Mikado," "Ruddigore," "The Yeomen of the Guard," and "The Gondoliers." The people whom these whimsical performances—or "The Rose of Persia" either—did not amuse were few and difficult. If their gravity was past assault, they had, however, in Sir Arthur Sullivan, the writer of oratorios, a musician greatly admired. "The Prodigal Son" was written for the Worcester Festival in 1869; "The Light of the World" for Birmingham in 1873; "The Martyr of Antioch" for Leeds in 1883; and, again for Leeds, in 1886, "The Golden Legend," which at once took in the public mind a first place, which it still retains. Leeds was always enthusiastic about Sir Arthur, and he became, in succession to Costa, the conductor of its Festivals. Incidental music was written for various Shaksperian plays, "The Merchant of Venice," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Macbeth," too, at the time of its revival at the Lyceum Theatre. The dance tunes from "Henry VIII" also became popular. Till 1871 Sullivan was a church organist in London; in the early days of the Royal Aquarium he organised its musical performances; and for two seasons he conducted the Promenade Concerts. For many years he was principal of the National Training School of Music. Oxford and Cambridge gave him their honorary degrees of Doctor of Music. In 1883 he received the honour of Knighthood, and in Jubilee year a further token of recognition from her Majesty the Queen. His burial in St. Paul's Cathedral was a final expression of homage from the nation, to whose gaiety he contributed almost more than any other man of our generation.

## THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

General Lyttelton has had to report that on Nov. 19 an outpost of Buffs was surprised at the south-west of Balmoral. Six of our men were killed, five were wounded, and one officer and thirty men were taken prisoners. Thus encouraged, the Boers delivered simultaneous attacks at Balmoral and Wilge River stations, midway between Durban and Pretoria. At Balmoral, where the enemy, under Commandant Pretorius, advanced in the dark against the four companies of the Buffs who held it, the fighting lasted for six hours. A pom-pom and a 14-pounder (of our own make) were turned against the town, and were replied to by a 6-in. howitzer, which scattered lyddite on to the plantation and trenches where the Boers were operating. Two companies of the Buffs went forward to outflank the Boers, who then retired, leaving sixty men killed and wounded. The British prisoners taken when the outpost was surprised were recovered. At Wilge River a small garrison of Royal Fusiliers maintained a gallant defence at close quarters, and had timely assistance from half a battery, sent from Bronkhorst Spruit as soon as the firing was heard. The guns caught the Boers in full retreat and killed or wounded over a hundred of them.

The Boers had another reverse at Baberspan, where the enemy, under Commandant George Brand, were shelled out of the hills on to the plains, and were there charged several times by the Lancers. Brand himself was wounded, and numbers of riderless horses told their own tale. Elsewhere the Boers in the Orange Colony appear really to feel at last the pinch of their prolonged sufferings and exertions. Their forces are scattered. General Botha, with a thousand men and three guns, is (or was a few days ago) close to Dewetsdorp, where De Wet himself, also with a thousand men, is now and then reported to be. Another force, under Commandant Fouchet, is near to Smithfield; Commandant Haasbroek, with five hundred men and several guns, is near to Anniesrust; and Commandant Hertzog, with five hundred men, is opposing Colonel White. General Clements has engaged Delarey's force, which is again said to be "dispersed."

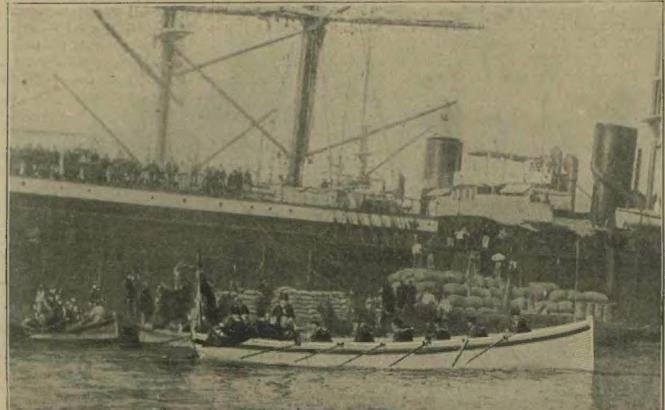
From Harrismith comes the news of a troop of Loch's Horse who, under Colonel Ross and Lieutenant Williams, rode into a Boer ambush. The Lieutenant was killed and the Colonel dangerously wounded. Trooper Pitton, on the instant, rushed up to the wall of the Kaffir kraal from which the enemy had opened fire, and emptying his revolver, killed three of the six Boers in possession, the other three laying down their arms. The murder of Lieutenant Neumeyer, commanding the Orange River Police at Smithfield, is reported, and Lord Roberts announces that a plot to blow him up in church on Nov. 18 was hatched by eight foreign mercenaries, who have been placed under arrest.



THE ARRIVAL OF MR. KRUGER AT MARSEILLES.



THE EX-PRESIDENT LEAVING THE "GELDERLAND."



MR. KRUGER AND DR. LEYDS BEING ROWED ASHORE.

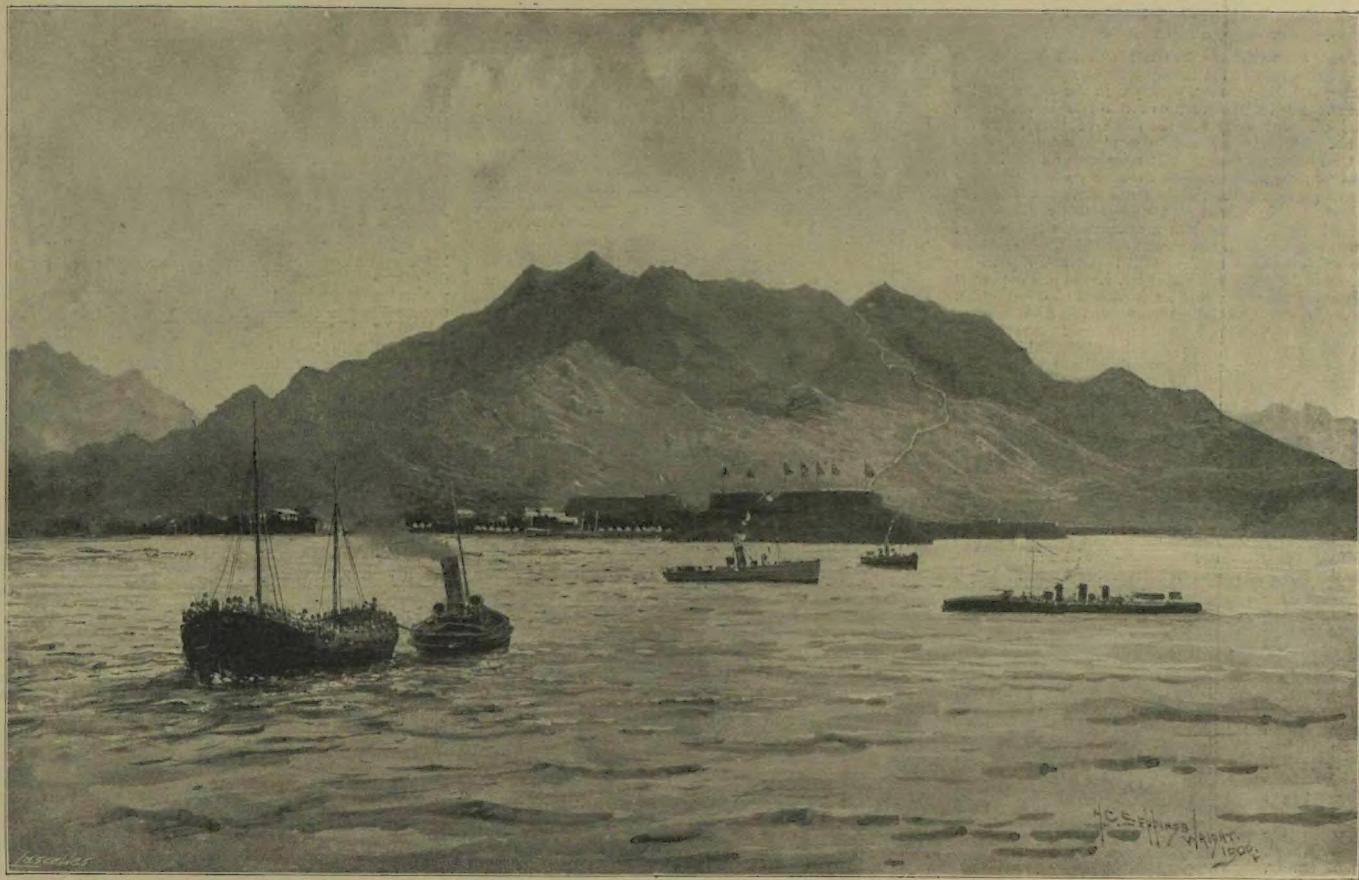


VOLUNTARY BANDS FORMED UP TO GREET MR. KRUGER.



THE EX-PRESIDENT LANDING ON THE QUAY.

British Fort, Railway Station French and Italian Fort. "International" Fort. The Great Wall. Fort.

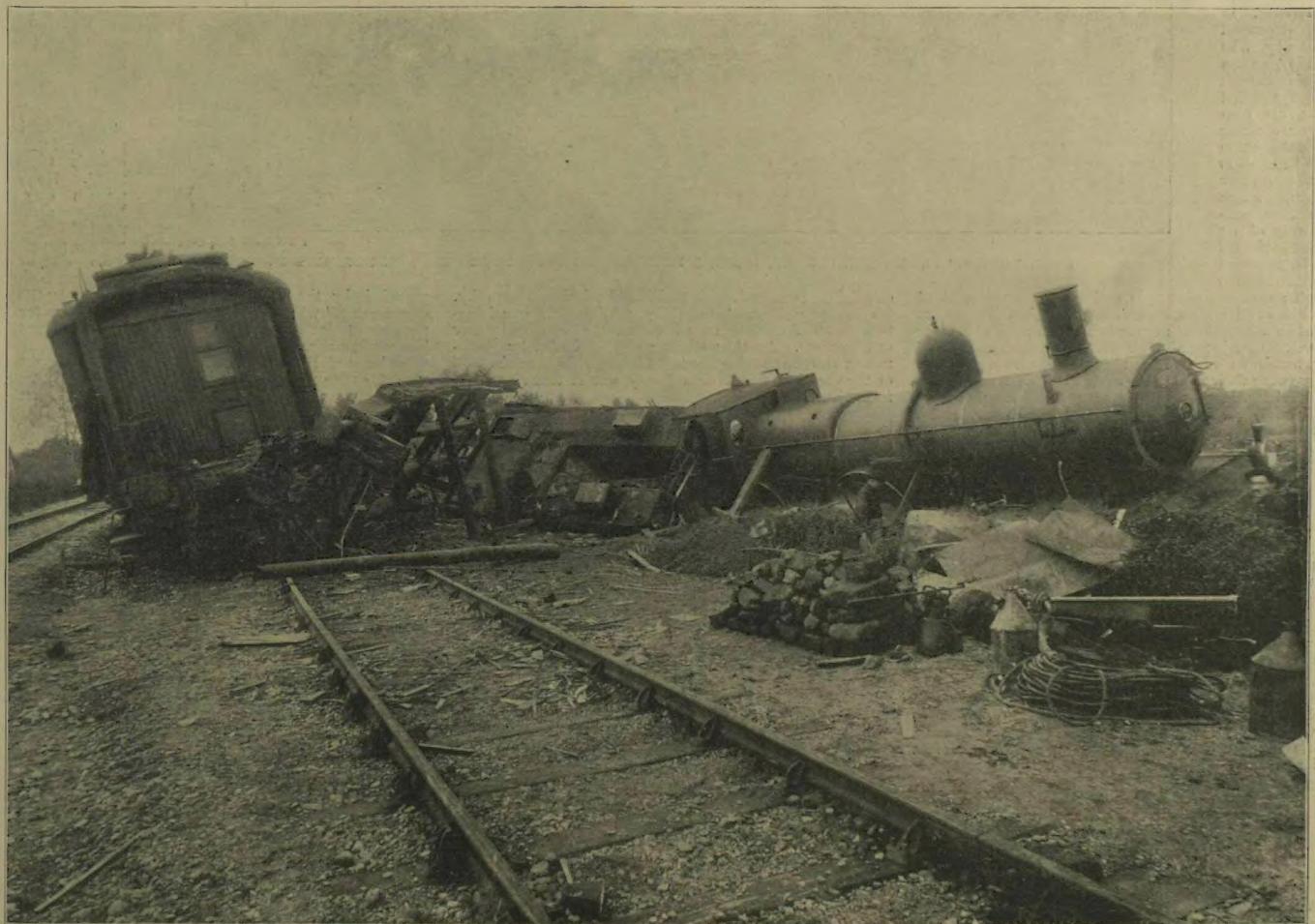


Camp of Punjab Infantry. Russian Camp.

THE OCCUPATION OF SHANHAIKUAN: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN FROM THE SEA.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT E. J. HEADLAM.

Shanhaikuan is a flourishing town of thirty thousand inhabitants, on the Gulf of Pechili, and is at the end of the Great Wall of China. It was occupied by the 3rd Brigade, under Brigadier-General Reed, C.B., on October 3.



THE DISASTER TO THE MADRID EXPRESS NEAR DAX: THE WRECKAGE OF THE RESTAURANT-CAR AND THE ENGINE.

The frame of the restaurant-car, in which so many passengers were killed, is shown in the centre.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## MR. KRUGER IN FRANCE.

The French public and the French Republic have given Mr. Kruger the welcome which a foe of England and an ex-President could at the moment count upon. There is something a little illusory, perhaps, in the cheers of the pavement. Even phlegmatic capital like London roars its head off impartially for the Shah of Persia and for Garibaldi. There is no need to grudge Mr. Kruger the cheers that break no bones. "If cries were bullets!" one Parisian paper exclaims. But then they are not. They may be magnificent, but they are not war. On board the *Gelderland*, a ship placed at his disposal by the Queen of Holland, who also sent him a sympathetic telegram of welcome to Europe, Mr. Kruger arrived at Marseilles after a tossing which made him rather unfit to land. The patience of a crowd is not everlasting, and Dr. Leyds was requested to produce his venerable, and as it proved obedient, chief. A representative of the Government was the first to greet the ex-President, and the deafening cheers of the multitude were stilled only when the ex-President delivered in Dutch a brief speech. France he knew as the home of freedom, and to France he came first on his great mission—that of submitting the case between the Boers and the British to International arbitration. Meanwhile, he said, the Boers would fight to their last breath. In Paris, a day later, the welcome to Mr. Kruger was repeated. All the population cheered, and the guest of the day was at once summoned to the Elysée to confer with President Loubet.

The talk at the Elysée was not reported, nor that which passed when he was received by the Prime Minister; but an easy clue to the trend of both alike is given by the public exchange of courtesies on Tuesday at the Hôtel de Ville. M. Escudier, the President of the Council, began his address with the usual allusion to the genius of place. "Here you are, Sir, in the cradle and refuge of our liberties. Within these walls you are better than elsewhere understood, respected, admired." The speaker went on to allude to the voice of Paris as the voice of mankind, to which, surely, all nations must listen. "Seeing," he said, "that Governments are mute before iniquity, let peoples speak." Mr. Kruger, in reply, expressed not only his gratitude as a guest on French soil, but a belief that in his own country "the war will not cease until justice is done." After luncheon, which in his case consisted only of an abstemious glass of milk, he returned to the Hôtel Scribe through an avenue of people and an accompaniment of wild cheers and a shower of violets. Then a Nationalist deputation arrived to hand over to him a sword of honour for General Cronje; and after that a compact column of fifteen hundred students from the Latin Quarter, many of them wearing their University caps, stood in front of the hotel until Mr. Kruger came out to see and be seen. Twelve of their number were admitted to his presence, made and heard a speech, and then departed, leading off the popular cries "Vive Kruger!" "Vive la liberté! Vive l'arbitrage."

## AN OVERHEAD RAILWAY.

A suspension-railway, connecting Barmer-Rittershausen with Elberfeld and Vohwinkel, and running for some distance over and along the river Wupper, has been opened by the German Emperor and Empress. It is the first railway of its kind, designed on the "E. Langen system," and it traverses a distance of about eight miles. The Emperor, who was accompanied by the Empress and attended by several Ministers from Berlin, examined for himself all the plans and drawings, and then entered a car and travelled over several sections of the line at speed of a little under twenty miles an hour. His Majesty, who delights to master the details of scientific apparatus, made minute inquiries as to the working of the new system, and having considered also its commercial value, ended by predicting for it a brilliant future.

## THE REVOLT IN ASHANTI.

The Golden Stool is a rather high-sounding phrase for an article the value of which is great but not commercial. The gold upon it is not weighty, and the design is barbarous; all the same, the stool is a token, if not of money, at any rate of power. It represents not sovereigns, but sovereignty. That it should be carefully hidden away from the English in occupation follows as a matter of course; and, equally as a matter of course, what is hidden away becomes an object of search. A search is a somewhat difficult business in Ashanti. Nature is all on the side of concealments. Of all regions of the tropic earth, this is

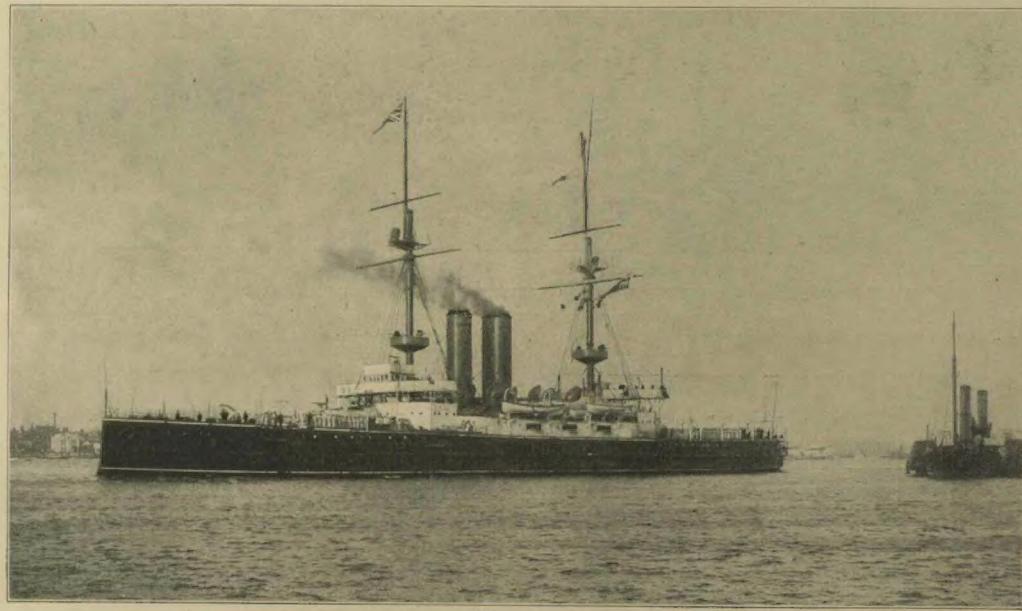
one which the European holds under conditions most hostile to his life. Even at sea, the poisonous breath sent out from the gloomy forests of the deadly West Coast of Africa has carried off whole crews of hardy sailors in two or three months. In the depths of the malarious forests a veritable battle, not against fever only, but against all sorts of deadly forces in nature, has to be waged. When to these impediments are added those of a hostile population, the ultimate stage of danger seems to be reached. Such was the experience of the ambuscaded expedition of our Illustration. Arrived at a point where the trees offered a fairly free passage, and where the undergrowth was no difficult barrier, the British members of the expedition, and their native friends, found themselves the objects of attack from foes well under cover. The Illustration is prepared from a sketch made by one of the members of the expedition.

## THE DAX RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

The serious railway accident which goes by this name took place on the line from Madrid to Paris on Nov. 15 at St. Vincent de Tyrosse, between Bayonne and Dax. Seventy miles an hour is a famous speed, but it has its risks. In this case the train left the rails and toppled over an embankment. Seventeen passengers were killed, and more than a score were injured.

## DEPARTURE OF H.M.S. "GLORY" FOR CHINA.

The battle-ship *Glory* has gone to China. On Thursday last week Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, Senior Naval Lord, went to Portsmouth for the purpose of inspecting her, which he did to his entire satisfaction. In addition to her usual equipment, the *Glory* takes with her to the East a



H.M.S. "GLORY," FIRST-CLASS CRUISER, LEAVING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR FOR CHINA, ON NOVEMBER 24.

complete apparatus for the working of wireless telegraphy. On Saturday, Nov. 24, the *Glory*, as shown in our Illustration, left Portsmouth for her distant destination by way of Sheerness. Another stirring sight afforded by Portsmouth Harbour during the last few days has been the trial of the new first-class cruiser *Cressy*, and of this also there is an Illustration.

## AN "EDITION-DE-LUXE."

We have now completed all arrangements for our magnificent *Édition-de-luxe* of the Record of the Transvaal War. Every copy is specially printed on the finest paper, and the binding is designed by Mr. R. Caton Woodville. As it would, however, be a great loss if the cover, which was so much admired, of the half-crown number were to be omitted, we have determined to bind this in with the rest of the book. Only a few hundred copies will be printed, and each will be numbered and signed by the Editor, the priority of the number being as much as possible ruled by the order of application. To make this edition still more valuable, we have arranged with the well-known war-artists, Mr. R. Caton Woodville, Mr. S. Begg, and Mr. Melton Prior (our Special Artist in South Africa), to sign every copy issued. As the price is only one guinea for this unique souvenir of the Great War, and as the number printed is so small, we advise intending purchasers to order their copies immediately, at their booksellers or at the publishing office, 198, Strand.

## " HOLLY LEAVES."

"Holly Leaves," the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, is, we are informed, already out of print at the head office. Its success is doubtless largely owing to the spirited presentation plate by Mr. Caton Woodville—"The Last Shot at Colenso." But the pictures and stories in the annual itself appear to have been selected with care and a proper sense of variety. Sport, pathos, and humour have all been considered, and the literature, by popular writers, is associated with art by its leading representatives.

## MUSIC.

The third of the St. James's Hall Ballad Concerts took place on Wednesday, Nov. 21. The programme arranged by Mr. Boosey is far too long a one, and when encores are given, it naturally grows longer still. This results in a feeling of repletion, a feeling that one has had too many sweets, with very little that is solid and satisfying, and it is a pity, for the talent gathered together is by no means inconsiderable. Perhaps the greatest treat, and this is somewhat quaint, where ballads are under discussion, was Mrs. Kendal's recitation of "The Victoria Cross." It was quite faultless. Madame Alice Gomez sang very delightfully a song by Bernard Rolt, called "An Old Fan." Mr. Ben Davies sang Schubert's serenade and Florence Aylward's "Sunrise," with an organ and piano accompaniment, and Mlle. Chaminade played some piano-forte solos of Chaminade, "Automne," "Danse Crèole," and the "Troisième Valse." Her playing is delightful, but her weakness of fingers and wrists was very noticeable, and marred much of the clearness of her execution. Whether this was due to physical weakness or to inherent lack of vigour, it was a pity, for Mlle. Chaminade is an artist in feeling and interpretation. Among the singers not so widely known was Miss Adelaide Burton, a pupil of Tosti and Hugo Heinz. She sang twice, Cowen's "At the Mid Hour of Night" and Ellen Wright's song, "Didst thou but know." Her voice was singularly clear and brilliant, and her purity of intonation was very charming. A madrigal from "The Rose of Persia" finished the programme, sung by Miss Hortense Paulsen, Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. William Green, and Mr. Denham Price.

At M. Ysaye's last recital at the Queen's Hall a flawless performance of the "Kreutzer Sonata" of Beethoven was given by M. Ysaye and Signor Busoni. When one has said that it was flawless there is practically nothing further to say. Both artists played without a written note of music, each seemed to be the twin soul of the other, and technique, expression, time, and tone all combined to make it perfect. Signor Busoni also played twelve studies of Chopin. Madame Kirby Lunn sang very beautifully.

At the Saturday Popular Concert at St. James's Hall Dvorák's string quartet in F and Arensky's piano-forte trio in D minor were led very ably by Señor Arbos. The audience was smaller than usual, the musical world being probably drawn to the Queen's Hall Symphony Concert, where Signor Busoni was playing in Beethoven's Concerto in G. He gave as an encore Liszt's arrangement of Paganini's "Campanella." The concert programme was

preceded by the "Trauermarsch" from the "Götterdämmerung," which was played, out of reverence for the memory of Sir Arthur Sullivan, by the orchestra standing. The whole audience followed their example. The "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven had already been arranged to be played, so the programme was sufficiently mournful. The dead composer's "In Memoriam" was given at the end of the concert. Madame Kirby Lunn took the place of Miss Marie Brema, who was ill, and sang with beautiful intonation and taste songs by Saint-Saëns and Mr. Elgar. At the Saturday Popular Concert, Miss Evelyn Ewart, a pianist of much promise, made her professional début. She played Brahms's Intermezzo in A flat and his Scherzo in E flat.

Mr. Donald Tovey brought his four recitals, that have been full of interest, to an end on Nov. 22 with a sonata of his own in F major, written for the piano-forte and violin, and played by himself and the very young violinist Miss Maud McCarthy. She acquitted herself well, and gave a very creditable rendering of the "Kreutzer Sonata," also with Mr. Tovey. Her time in the andante movement seemed unduly quickened, and it was unfortunate that she should have chosen this particular sonata at a time when M. Ysaye and Lady Hallé have, together with Signor Busoni, played it twice within the octave of this concert.

M. I. H.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck have this year more than maintained their high reputation. Their Christmas cards, calendars, and booklets are, as usual, excellent.

Messrs. C. W. Faulkner, 79, Golden Lane, E.C., publish a very artistic selection of Christmas cards, etc. They also issue a large number of reproductions of well-known pictures.

It is officially stated that the West Coast Companies will from Dec. 1 accelerate the 10 a.m. train from Euston to reach Edinburgh (Princes-Street) at 6.15 p.m., and Glasgow (Central) at 6.30 p.m.; and that the 10 a.m. from Glasgow (Central), and 10.15 a.m. from Edinburgh (Princes Street) will be accelerated to reach Euston Station at 6.30 p.m.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. Hanbury, the new President of the Board of Agriculture, had to seek re-election at Preston on assuming Cabinet office. He protested against the absurdity of a custom which was devised, ages ago, to deal with possibilities of corruption that no longer exist. There is no sense in putting a constituency to the expense of an election when its member takes office under the Crown. Mr. Hanbury was elected for Preston only a few weeks ago, and to re-elect him is a farce.

The sudden death of Mr. John Lawson Johnston took place on board his steam-yacht, the *White Ladye*, in Cannes Harbour.

Best known as the inventor of "Bovril"—a fortunate find which made its possessor a millionaire—Mr. Lawson Johnston was born in Midlothian in 1839. He was educated at Edinburgh, and he went, a quarter of a century ago, to Canada as a dietetic expert in extracts of meat, in connection with some inquiries forwarded by the French Government. His researches were im-

portant, if only as leading up to the discoveries applicable to the invention of "Bovril." Mr. Lawson Johnston, who lived at Kingswood, Sydenham Hill, had of late years spent long vacations in his native Scotland, where he had recently become the tenant of the Duke of Argyll at Inveraray Castle. Yachting ranked with shooting among his favourite recreations; and the yacht on which he died in the Mediterranean was that which he purchased from Mrs. Langtry. Though Mr. Johnston never accepted an invitation to enter Parliament, he was known as an ardent supporter of Liberal interests. He was the holder of the Royal Humane Society's Gold Medal for saving life, and was nominated by Marshal MacMahon a Fellow of the Red Cross Society of France. His kindly disposition, added to his marked ability, made him the recipient of universal good-will from those associated with him in business and from a large circle of private friends.

Mr. Kruger does not go out of his way to please his French admirers. He has avowed himself a Dreyfusard! That must be a dreadful blow to M. Rochefort, who has been proposing to raise money enough for the equipment of 25,000 volunteers to restore the Boer independence.

Henrik Ibsen has expressed his opinion on the South African War. He says that as the Boers dispossessed the natives of the Transvaal, and gave no civilisation to the country, they cannot complain because they are ousted from the ownership by a stronger and more civilised people.

To Lieutenant Francis Newton Parsons has been accorded a Victoria Cross that he will not wear. The gallantry at Paardeberg which the

Cross commemorates was succeeded by the gallantry at Driefontein which sent him to death. The deed of valour which has been awarded the Cross dates back to a morning in the month of February, when, on the south bank of the Modder River, Private Ferguson, 1st Battalion Essex Regiment, was wounded, and fell in a place exposed to fire. He tried to crawl under cover and his

Admiral Napoleon Canevaro, whose brother, the Duke of Canevaro, was killed in the Bayonne railway accident, is himself now a visitor to England. He came hither as an envoy of the King of Italy to announce his accession with all formality to Queen Victoria. The Admiral has been on missions more arduous and more adventurous—in Cretan waters and elsewhere. In his own country, too, he has done distinguished service, being at one time Italy's Minister for Foreign Affairs. On Monday the Admiral visited our own Foreign Office, and on Tuesday was received at Windsor by the Queen.

The marriage of the Duke of Manchester and Miss Helena Zimmerman, celebrated by Canon Barker almost privately at Marylebone Parish Church on Nov. 14, was not announced till some days afterwards. The

they were a generation ago. It is highly satisfactory in the midst of these reckonings that the deeds of valour done during the struggle with the Boers have made a proportionately large demand upon the treasury of Victoria Crosses.

Sir Charles Tupper has issued a sort of valedictory address to the people of Canada from the political retirement to which they have sent him. It is interesting to see, after all that has lately happened, that Sir Charles denounces the race-against-race policy that has been beaten at the polls, and denies that he ever gave countenance to it.

The Rev. Samuel John Stone, who died last week at his chambers in the Charterhouse, was born sixty-two years ago. As a writer of hymns, of which "The Church's One Foundation" is among the most popular, his memory will be long preserved. Yet his daily work in the East End was the main business and interest of his life. In 1870 he became the Curate of St. Paul's, Haggerston, and the Vicar five years later. There he stayed till 1890, when he was appointed to the Rectory of All Hallows, London Wall.

All Hallows, London Wall. One of Mr. Stone's philanthropic arrangements in connection with All Hallows was highly appreciated by a large number of girls, who, from motives of economy, came up to Liverpool Street by the early workmen's trains and then had to pace the streets until their places of business were opened. The church, therefore, was offered to them in the morning hours as a place of refuge in which they could sit and eat and chat. It was a house of rest, and in that way might easily become also a house of prayer.

A strong appeal is made to the public for subscriptions to the funds of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. No philanthropic organisation has done greater good. Last year the Society investigated more than 75,000 cases. Children are at least as deserving of protection as dogs, and some of the zeal that overflows for the benefit of those animals might be profitably applied to the befriending of the little ones who have to be rescued from the brutality of their parents.

Lord Rosebery has had to justify himself to a correspondent for refusing to hold Mr. Gladstone's views in favour of Channel Tunnel. Lord Rosebery says that he often argued the point with Mr. Gladstone, who made no attempt to control his private judgment. It is quaint to find the Channel Tunnel revived in this way when nine-tenths of the world had forgotten that such a scheme was ever supported by a British statesman.

Lieutenant Guy G. E. Wally, a Tasmanian Imperial Bushman, was the companion of Private Bisdee at Warm Bad on Sept. 1, and is now his comrade as a recipient of the Victoria Cross in honour of a similar

daring done that day. Lieutenant Wally was one of the six men wounded—out of a party of scouts numbering eight in all—when the ambushed Boers opened fire upon them at close quarters. Wounded as he was, he went back to the rescue of one of his men, who was wounded more seriously than himself, and whose horse was shot under him. He gave the man his horse, and he himself took refuge behind a rock, whence he opened fire on the enemy to cover the retreat of the others.

Mr. O'Brien persists in his resolution not to attend Parliament in the coming Session. The Irish Party will hold their Convention in Dublin when Parliament meets. Some Irish members are for crossing the Channel when their own business is concluded, but Mr. O'Brien pleasantly suggests that only Mr. Healy can desire to advertise himself in that way. The Session will be brief, probably less than three weeks, and the absence of the Irish ought to facilitate the rapid transaction of public business.

Lord Wolseley is no longer Commander-in-Chief. To-day is his first day out of office, for only till the end of November did he agree to continue in Pall Mall. According to ordinary routine, and without any specially announced appointment, Sir Evelyn Wood now discharges the duties of the Commander-in-Chief, pending the return of Lord Roberts.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT F. N. PARSONS, Awarded the V.C. for Gallantry at Paardeberg.

was wounded again. Lieutenant Parsons went to his assistance, dressed his wound, went twice to the river under heavy fire to get water for him, and finally carried him to a safe place. On General Kelly-Kenny's recommendation the award of the Cross, which will adorn at least the name of the daring Lieutenant, has even now been made.

There has been some foolish talk about an opposition to the re-election of Mr. Gully as Speaker. Mr. Gully has proved himself one of the ablest Speakers of modern times, and he will continue to hold his office without risk of challenge.

M. Paul Villars, the London correspondent of the *Figaro*, has written an admirable letter upon the reception of Mr. Kruger in Paris. He says very justly that it has been a model of self-restraint on the part of the Parisians in regard to England. It is well that this should be borne in mind when so many attempts have been made to embroil the two peoples.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

Duke, who is the ninth of his line, is twenty-three years of age, and succeeded his father eight years ago. His mother, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, was herself an American from Louisiana. The new Duchess is the daughter of a well-known American millionaire, Mr. Eugene Zimmerman, and she has gone with her husband on a visit to the United States.

Another Victoria Cross hero is Corporal F. Mackay, of the Gordon Highlanders, whose deed of daring was also an act of humanity. At Crows Nest Hill, near Johannesburg, on May 29, he exposed himself to the heavy fire of the enemy in order to succour some of his disabled comrades, whose wounds he dressed. The latest history of the Boer War boldly claims for it a greater importance than belongs to any campaign since that waged against Bonaparte. The numbers opposing us in the South African field were fewer than those we had to encounter in the Crimea; but in all other respects our duties, responsibilities, and arrangements during the past year have been greater than



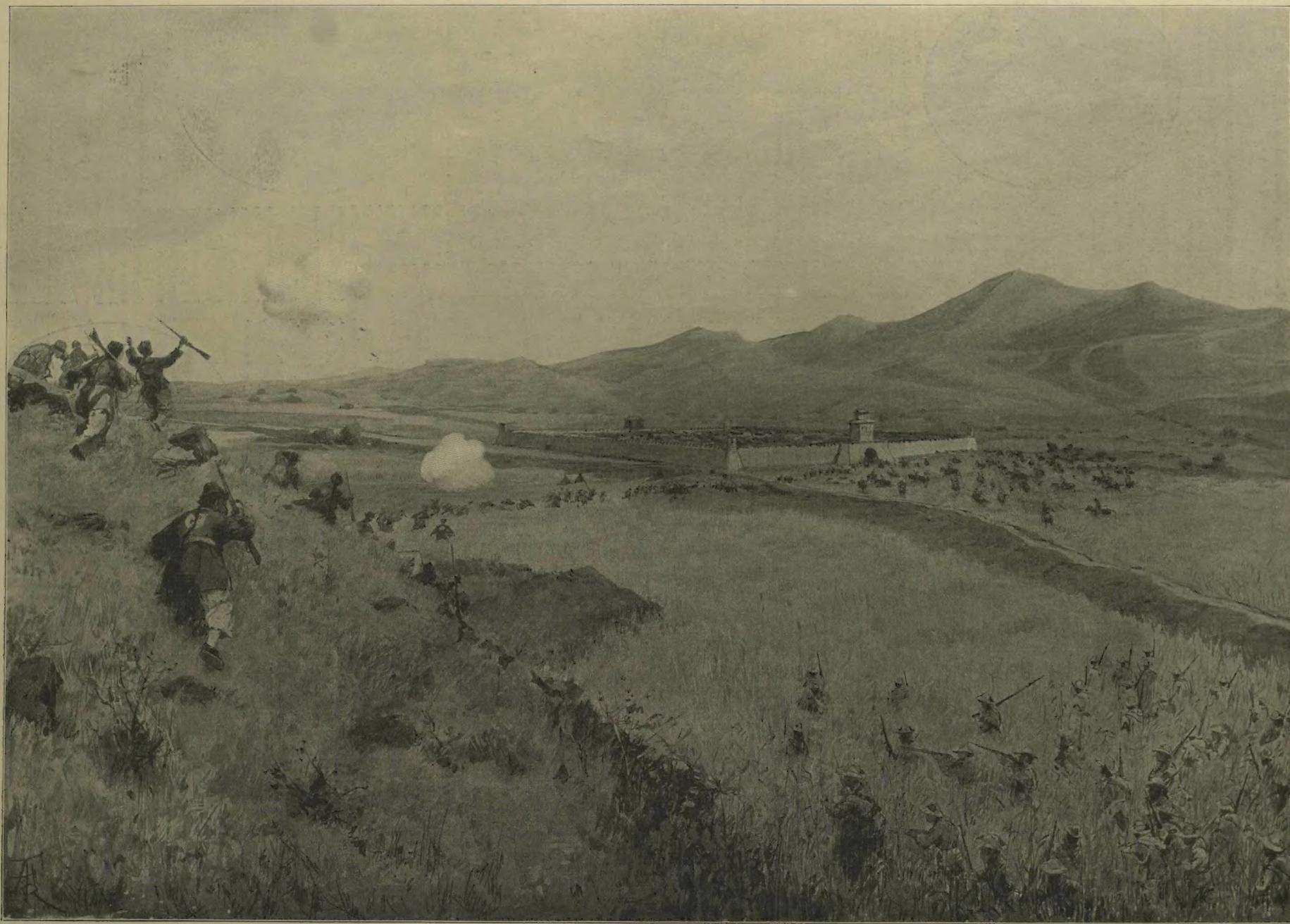
CORPORAL F. MACKAY, Awarded the V.C. for Gallantry at Crows Nest Hill.



THE LATE REV. S. J. STONE, Vicar of All Hallows, London Wall.



LIEUTENANT G. G. E. WALLY, Awarded the V.C. for Gallantry at Warm B.d.



THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA: THE CAPTURE OF LIANGJIANG BY EIGHT HUNDRED GERMAN INFANTRY AND FORTY-FIVE 1ST BENGAL LANCERS.

*From a Sketch by the late Mr. Lionel Barff.*

# The Cruise of the "Willing Mind."

BY A. E. W. MASON.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

THE cruise happened before the steam-trawler ousted the smack from the North Sea. A few newspapers recorded it in half-a-dozen lines of small print which nobody read. But it became and—though nowadays remains staple talk at Gorleston ale-houses on winter nights.

The crew consisted of Weeks, three fairly competent hands, and a baker's assistant, when the *Willing Mind* slipped out of Yarmouth. Alexander Duncan, the photographer from Derby, joined the smack afterwards under peculiar circumstances. Duncan was a timid person, but aware of his timidity. He was quite clear that his paramount business was to be a man; and he was equally clear that he was not successful in his paramount business. Meanwhile he pretended to be, hoping that on some miraculous day a sudden test would prove the straw man he was to have become real flesh and blood. A visit to a surgeon and the flick of a knife quite shattered that illusion. He went down to Yarmouth afterwards, fairly disheartened. The test had been applied, and he had failed.

Now, Weeks was a particular friend of Duncan's. They had chummed together on Gorleston Quay some years before, perhaps because they were so dissimilar. Weeks had taught Duncan to sail a boat, and had once or twice taken him for a short trip on his smack; so that the first thing that Duncan did on his arrival at Yarmouth was to take the tram to Gorleston and to make inquiries.

A fisherman lounging against a winch replied to them—

"If Weeks is a friend o' yours I should get used to missin' 'im; as I tell his wife."

There was at that time an ingenious system by which the skipper might buy his smack from the owner on the instalment plan—as people buy their furniture—only with a difference: for people sometimes get their furniture. The instalments had to be completed within a certain period. The skipper could do it—he could just do it; but he couldn't do it without running up one little bill here for stores, and another little bill there for sail-mending. The owner worked in with the sail-maker, and just as the skipper was putting out to earn his last instalment, he would find the bailiffs on board, his cruise would be delayed, he

would be, consequently, behindhand with his instalment, and back would go the smack to the owner with a present of four-fifths of its price. Weeks had to pay two hundred pounds, and had eight weeks to earn it in. But he got the straight tip that his sail-maker would stop him; and getting together any sort of crew he could, he slipped out at night with half his stores.

"Now the No'th Sea," concluded the fisherman, "in November and December ain't a bobby's job."

Duncan walked forward to the pier-head. He looked out at a grey tumbled sky shutting down on a grey tumbled sea. There were flecks of white cloud in the sky, flecks of white breakers on the sea, and it was all most dreary. He stood at the end of the jetty, and his great possibility came out of the grey

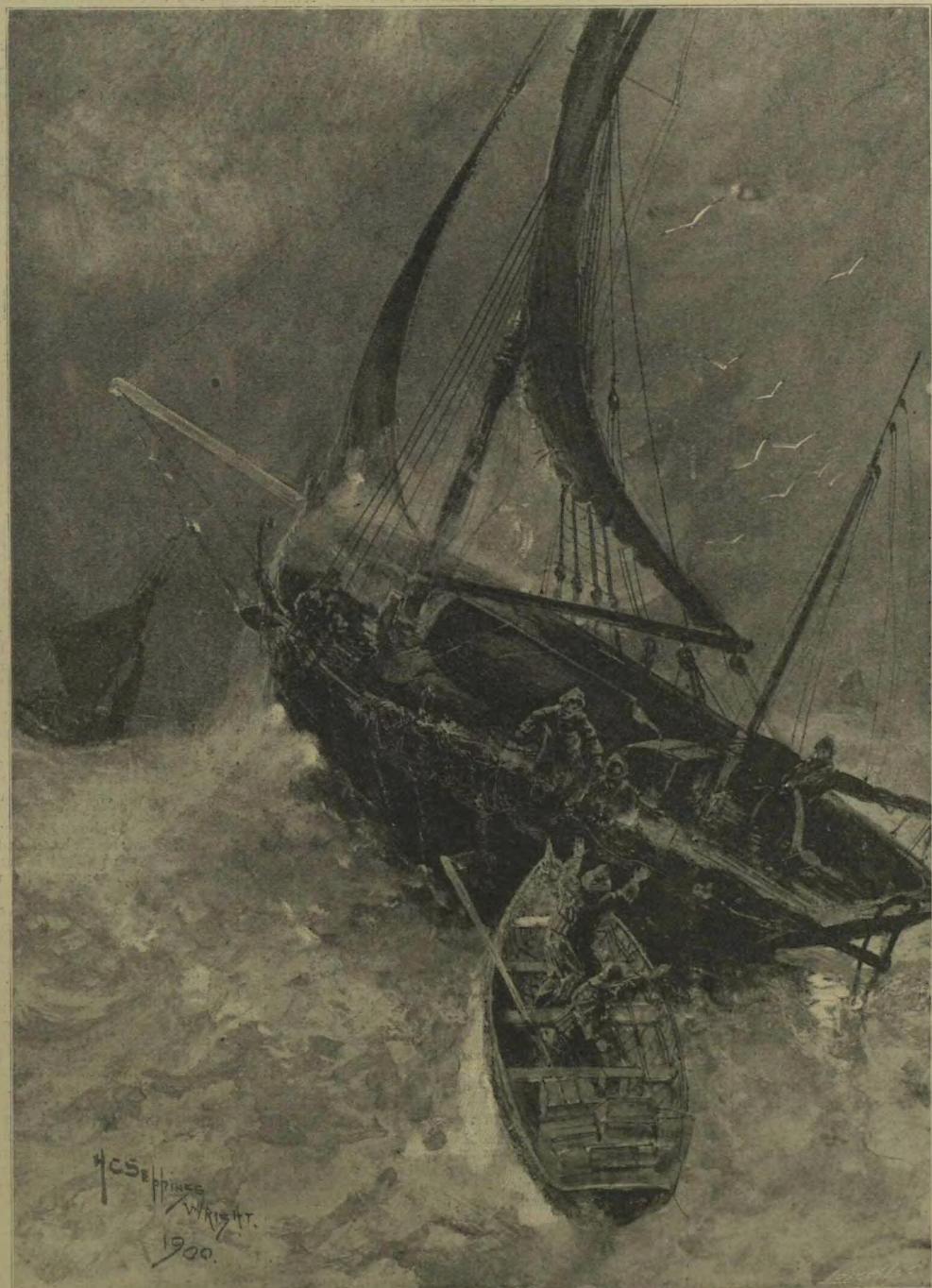
to him. Weeks was shorthanded. Cribbed within a few feet of the smack's deck, there would be no chance for any man to shirk. Duncan acted on the impulse. He bought a fisherman's outfit at Gorleston, travelled up to London, got a passage the next morning on a Billingsgate fish-carrier, and that night went thrashing down the great water street of the Swin, past the green globes of the Mouse. The four flashes of the Outer Gabbard winked him good-bye away on the starboard, and at eleven o'clock the next night far out in the North Sea he saw the little city of lights swinging on the Dogger.

The *Willing Mind*'s boat came aboard the next morning, and Captain Weeks with it, who smiled grimly while Duncan explained how he had learnt that the smack was shorthanded.

"I can't put you ashore in Denmark," said Weeks knowingly. "There'll be seven weeks, it's true, for things to blow over; but I'll have to take you back to Yarmouth. And I can't afford a passenger. If you come, you come as a hand. I mean to own my smack at the end of this voyage."

Duncan climbed after him into the boat. The *Willing Mind* had now six for her crew: Weeks; his son Willie, a lad of sixteen; Upton, the first hand; Deakin, the decky; Rall, the baker's assistant, and Alexander Duncan. And of these six four were almost competent. Deakin, it is true, was making his second voyage; but Willie Weeks though young, had begun early; and Upton, a man of forty, knew the banks and currents of the North Sea as well as Weeks.

"It's all right," said the skipper, "if the weather holds." And for a month the weather did hold, and the catches were good, and Duncan learned a great deal. He learnt how to keep a night-watch from midnight till eight in the morning, and then stay on deck till noon; how to put his tiller up and down when his tiller was a wheel, and how to vary the order according as his skipper stood to windward or to lee; he learnt to box a compass and to steer by it; to gauge the leeway he was making by the angle of his wake and the black line in the compass; above all, he learnt to love the boat like a live thing, as a man loves his horse, and to want every scanty inch of brass on her to shine.



"Ship your oar!"

But it was not for this that Duncan had come out to sea. He gazed out at night across the rippling starlit water, and the smacks nesting upon it, and asked of his God: "Is this all?" And his God answered him.

The beginning of it was the sudden looming of ships upon the horizon, very clear, till they looked like carved toys. The skipper got out his accounts and totted up his catches, and the prices they had fetched in Billingsgate Market. Then he went on deck and watched the sun set. There were no cloud-banks in the west, and he shook his head.

"It'll blow a bit from the east before morning," said he, and he tapped on the barometer. Then he returned to his accounts and added them up again. After a little he looked up, and saw the first hand watching him with comprehension.

"Two or three really good hauls would do the trick," suggested Weeks.

The first hand nodded. "If it was my boat I should chance it to-morrow before the weather blows up."

Weeks drummed his fists on the table and agreed.

On the morrow the Admiral headed north for the Great Fisher Bank, and the fleet followed, with the exception of the *Willing Mind*. The *Willing Mind* lagged along in the rear without her topsails till about half-past two in the afternoon, when Captain Weeks became suddenly alert. He bore away till he was right before the wind, hoisted every scrap of sail he could carry, rigged out a spinnaker with his balloon fore-sail, and made a clean run for the coast of Denmark. Deakin explained the manoeuvre to Duncan. "The old man's goin' poachin'. He's after soles."

"Keep look-out, lads!" cried Weeks. "It's not the Danish gun-boat I'm afraid of; it's the fatherly English cruiser a-turning of us back."

Darkness, however, found them unmolested. They crossed the three-mile limit at eight o'clock, and crept close in under the Danish headlands without a glimmer of light showing.

"I want all hands all night," said Weeks; "and there's a couple of pounds for him as first sees the bogey-man."

"Meaning the Danish gun-boat," explained Deakin.

The trawl was down before nine. The skipper stood by his lead, Upton took the wheel, and all night they trawled in the shallows, bumping on the grounds, with a sharp eye for the Danish gun-boat. They hauled in at twelve and again at three and again at six, and they had just got their last catch on deck when Duncan saw by the first grey of the morning a dun-coloured trail of smoke hanging over a projecting knoll.

"There she is!" he cried.

"Yes, that's the gun-boat," answered Weeks. "We can laugh at her with this wind."

He put his smack about, and before the gun-boat puffed round the headland, three miles away, was reaching northwards with his sails free. He rejoined the fleet that afternoon. "Fifty-two boxes of soles!" said Weeks. And every one of them worth two-pound-ten in Billingsgate Market. "This smack's mine!" and he stamped on the deck in all the pride of ownership. "We'll take a reef in," he added. "There's a no'th-easterly gale blowin' up and I don't know anything worse in the No'th Sea. The sea piles in upon you from Newfoundland, piles in till it strikes the banks. Then it breaks. You were right, Upton; we'll be lying hove-to in the morning."

They were lying hove-to before the morning. Duncan, tossing about in his cots, heard the skipper stamping overhead, and in an interval of the wind caught a snatch of song bawled out in a high voice. The song was not reassuring, for the two lines which Duncan caught ran as follows—

You never can tell when your death-bells are ringing,  
You never can know when you're going to die.

Duncan tumbled on to the floor, fell about the cabin as he pulled on his sea-boots and climbed up the companion. He clung to the mizzen-runners in a night of extraordinary blackness. To port and to starboard the lights of the smacks rose on the crests and sank in the troughs, with such violence they had the air of being tossed up into the sky and then extinguished in the water; while all round him there flashed little points of white which suddenly lengthened out into a horizontal line. There was one quite close to the quarter of the *Willing Mind*. It stretched about the height of the gaff in a line of white. The line suddenly descended towards him and became a sheet; and then a voice bawled, "Water! Jump! Down the companion! Jump!"

There was a scamper of heavy boots, and a roar of water plunging over the bulwarks, as though so many loads of wood had been dropped on the deck. Duncan jumped for the cabin, Weeks and the mate jumped the next second and the water sliced down after them, put out the fire, and washed them, choking and wrestling, about on the cabin floor. Weeks was the first to disentangle himself, and he turned fiercely on Duncan.

"What were you doing on deck?" Upton and I keep the watch to-night. You stay below, and, by God, I'll see you do it! I have fifty-two boxes of soles to put aboard the fish-cutter in the morning, and I'm not going to lose lives before I do that! This smack's mine!"

Captain Weeks was transformed into a savage animal fighting for his own. All night he and the mate stood on the deck and plunged down the open companion with a torrent of water to hurry them. All night Duncan lay in his bunk listening to the bellowing of the wind, the great thuds of solid green wave on the deck, the horrid rush and roaring of the seas as they broke loose to leeward from under the smack's keel. And he listened to something more—the whimpering of the baker's assistant in the next bunk. "Three inches of deck! What's the use of it! Lord ha' mercy on me, what's the use of it? No more than an eggshell! We'll be broken in afore morning, broken in like a man's skull under a bludgeon. . . I'm no sailor, I'm not; I'm a baker. It isn't right I should die at sea!"

Duncan stopped his ears, and thought of the journey someone would have to make to the fish-cutter in the morning. There were fifty-two boxes of soles to be put aboard.

He remembered the waves and the swirl of foam upon their crests and the wind. Two men would be needed to row the boat, and the boat must make three trips. The skipper and the first hand had been on deck all night. There remained four, or rather three, for the baker's assistant had ceased to count—Willie Weeks, Deakin, and himself, not a great number to choose from. He felt that he was within an ace of a panic, and not so far, after all, from that whimperer his neighbour. Two men to row the boat—two men! His hands clutched at the iron bar of his hammock; he closed his eyes tight; but the words were thundered out at him overhead, in the whistle of the wind, and slashed at him by the water against the planks at his side. He found that his lips were framing excuses.

Duncan was on deck when the morning broke. It broke extraordinarily slowly, a niggardly filtering of grey, sad light from the under edge of the sea. The bare top-masts of the smacks showed one after the other. Duncan watched each boat as it came into view with a keen suspense. This was a ketch, and that, and that other, for there was the peak of its reefed mainsail just visible, like a bird's wing, and at last he saw it—the fish-cutter—lurching and rolling in the very middle of the fleet, whither she had crept up in the night. He stared at it; his belly was pinched with fear as a starveling's with hunger; and yet he was conscious that, in a way, he would have been disappointed if it had not been there.

"No other smack is shipping its fish," quavered a voice at his elbow. It was the voice of the baker's assistant.

"But this smack is," replied Weeks, and he set his mouth hard. "And, what's more, my Willie is taking it aboard. Now, who'll go with Willie?"

"I will."

Weeks swung round on Duncan and stared at him. Then he stared out to sea. Then he stared again at Duncan.

"You?"

"When I shipped as a hand on the *Willing Mind*, I took all a hand's risks."

"And brought the willing mind," said Weeks with a smile. "Go, then! Someone must go. Get the boat ready, forward. Here, Willie, put your life-belt on. You, too, Duncan, though God knows life-belts won't be of no manner of use; but they'll save your insurance. Steady with the punt there! If it slips inboard off the rail there will be a broken back! And, Willie, don't get under the cutter's counter. She'll come atop of you and smash you like an egg. I'll drop you as close as I can to windward, and pick you up as close as I can to leeward."

The boat was dropped into the water and loaded up with fish-boxes. Duncan and Willie Weeks took their places, and the boat slid away into a furrow. Duncan sat in the bow and rowed. Willie Weeks stood in the stern, facing him, and rowed and steered.

"Water!" said Willie every now and then, and a wave curled over the bows and hit Duncan a stunning blow on the back.

"Row!" said Willie, and Duncan rowed and rowed. His hands were ice, he sat in water ice-cold, and his body perspired beneath his oil-skins, but he rowed. Once, on the crest of a wave, Duncan looked out and saw below them the deck of a smack, and the crew looking upwards at them as though they were a horse-race. "Row!" said Willie Weeks. Once, too, at the bottom of a slope down which they had bumped dizzily, Duncan again looked out, and saw the spar of a mainmast tossing just over the edge of a grey roller. "Row!" said Weeks, and a moment later, "Ship your oar!" and a rope caught him across the chest.

They were alongside the cutter.

Duncan made fast the rope.

"Push her off!" suddenly cried Willie, and grasped an oar. But he was too late. The cutter's bulwarks swung down towards him, disappeared under water, caught the punt fairly beneath the keel and scooped it clean on to the deck, cargo and crew.

"And this is only the first trip!" said Willie.

The two following trips, however, were made without accident.

"Fifty-two boxes at two-pound-ten," said Weeks, as the boat was swung inboard. "That's a hundred and four, and ten two's are twenty, and carry two, and ten fives are fifty, and two carried, and twenties into that makes twenty-six. One hundred and thirty pounds—this smack's mine, every rope on her. I tell you what, Duncan: you've done me a good turn to-day, and I'll do you another. I'll land you at Helsingør, in Denmark, and you can get clear away. All we can do now is to lie out this gale."

Before the afternoon the air was dark with a swifter of foam and spray blown off the waves in the thickness of a fog. The heavy bows of the smack beat into the seas with a thud and a hiss—the thud of a steam-hammer, the hiss of molten iron plunged into water; the waves raced exultingly up to the bows from windward, and roared angrily away in a spume of foam from the ship's keel to leeward; and the thrumming and screaming of the storm in the rigging exceeded all that Duncan had ever imagined. He clung to the stays appalled. This storm was surely the perfect expression of anger, too persistent for mere fury. There seemed to be a definite aim of destruction, a deliberate attempt to wear the boat down, in the steady follow of wave upon wave, and in the steady volume of the wind.

Captain Weeks, too, had lost all of a sudden all his exhilaration. He stood moodily by Duncan's side, his mind evidently labouring like his ship. He told Duncan stories which Duncan would rather not have listened to, the story of the man who slipped as he stepped from the deck into the punt, and, weighted by his boots, had sunk down and down and down through the clearest, calmest water without a struggle; the story of the punt which got its painter under its keel and drowned three men; the story of the full-rigged ship which got driven across the seven-fathom part of the Dogger—the part that looks like a man's leg in the chart—and which was turned upside down through the bank breaking. The skipper and the mate got outside and clung to her bottom, and a steam-cutter tried to get them off, but smashed them both with her iron counter instead.

"Look!" said Weeks, gloomily pointing his finger. "I don't know why that breaker didn't hit us. I don't know what we should have done if it had. I can't think why it didn't hit us! Are you saved?"

Duncan was taken aback, and answered vaguely—

"I hope so."

"But you must know," said Weeks, perplexed. The wind made a theological discussion difficult. Weeks curved his hand into a trumpet, and bawled into Duncan's ear: "You are either saved or not saved! It's a thing one knows. You must know if you are saved, if you've felt the glow and illumination of it." He suddenly broke off into a shout of triumph: "But I got my fish on board the cutter. The *Willing Mind*'s the on'y boat that did." Then he relapsed again into melancholy: "But I'm troubled about the poachin'. The temptation was great, but it wasn't right; and I'm not sure but what this storm ain't a judgment."

He was silent for a little, and then cheered up. "I tell you what. Since we're hove-to, we'll have a prayer-meeting in the cabin to-night and smooth things over."

The meeting was held after tea, by the light of a smoking paraffin-lamp with a broken chimney. The crew sat round and smoked, the companion was open, so that the swish of the water and the man on deck alike joined in the hymns. Rall, the baker's assistant, who had once been a steady attendant at Revivalist meetings, led off with a Moody and Sankey hymn, and the crew followed, bawling at the top pitch of their lungs, with now and then some suggestion of a tune. The little stuffy cabin rang with the noise. It burst upwards through the companion-way, loud and earnest and plaintive, and the winds caught it and carried it over the water, a thin and appealing cry. After the hymn Weeks prayed aloud, and extempore and most seriously. He prayed for each member of the crew by name, one by one, taking the opportunity to mention in detail each fault which he had had to complain of, and begging that the offender's chastisement might be light. Of Duncan he spoke in ambiguous terms.

"O Lord!" he prayed, "a strange gentlemen, Mr. Duncan, has come amongst us. O Lord! we do not know as much about Mr. Duncan as You do, but still bless him, O Lord!" and so he came to himself. "O Lord! this smack's mine, this little smack labouring in the North Sea is mine. Through my poachin' and your lovin' kindness it's mine; and, O Lord, see that it don't cost me dear!" And the crew solemnly and fervently said "Amen!"

But the smack was to cost him dear. For in the morning Duncan woke to find himself alone in the cabin. He thrust his head up the companion, and saw Weeks with a very grey face standing by the lashed wheel.

"Halloo!" said Duncan. "Where's the binnacle?"

"Overboard," said Weeks.

Duncan looked round the deck.

"Where's Willie and the crew?"

"Overboard," said Weeks. "All except Rall! He's below deck forward, and clear daft. Listen and you'll hear 'im. He's singing hymns for those in peril on the sea."

Duncan stared in disbelief. The skipper's face drove the disbelief out of him.

"Why didn't you wake me?" he asked.

"What's the use? You want all the sleep you can get, because you an' me have got to sail my smack into Yarmouth. But I was minded to call to you, lad," he said, with a sort of cry leaping from his throat. "The wave struck us at about twelve, and it's been mighty lonesome on deck since with Willie callin' out of the sea. All night he's been callin' out of the welter of the sea. Funny that I haven't heard Upton or Deakin, but on'y Willie! All night until daybreak he called, first on one side of the smack and then on the other. I don't think I'll tell his mother that. An' I don't see how I'm to put you on shore in Denmark, after all."

What had happened Duncan put together from the curt utterances of Captain Weeks and the crazy lamentations of Rall. Weeks had roused all hands except Duncan to take the last reef in. They were forward by the mainmast at the time the wave struck them. Weeks himself was on the boom, threading the reefing-rope through the eye of the sail. He shouted "Water!" and the water came on board, carrying the three men aft. Upton was washed over the taffrail. Weeks threw one end of the rope down, and Rall and Willie caught it and were swept overboard, dragging Weeks from the boom on to the deck and jamming him against the bulwarks.

The captain held on to the rope, setting his feet against the side. The smack lifted and dropped and tossed, and each movement wrenched his arms. He could not reach a cleat. Had he moved he would have been jerked overboard.

"I can't hold you both!" he cried, and then, setting his teeth and hardening his heart, he addressed his words to his son: "Willie! I can't hold you both!" and immediately the weight upon the rope was less. With each drop of the stern the rope slackened, and Weeks gathered the slack in. He could now afford to move. He made the rope fast and hauled the one survivor on deck. He looked at him for a moment. "Thank God, it's not my son!" he had the courage to say.

"And my heart's broke!" had gasped Rall. "Fair broke!" And he had gone forward and sung hymns.

They saw little more of Rall. He came aft and fetched his meals away; but he was crazed and made a sort of kennel for himself forward, and the two men left on the smack had enough upon their hands to hinder them from waiting on him. The gale showed no sign of abatement; the fleet was scattered; no glimpse of the sun was visible at any time; and the compass was somewhere at the bottom of the sea.

"We may be making a bit of headway no'th, or a bit of leeway west," said Weeks, "or we may be doing a sternboard. All that I'm sure of is that you and me are one day going to open Gorleston Harbour. This smack's cost me too dear for me to lose her now. Lucky there's the tell-tale compass in the cabin to show us the wind hasn't shifted."

All the energy of the man was concentrated upon this wrestle with the gale for the ownership of the *Willing Mind*; and he imparted his energy to his companion. They lived upon deck, wet and starved and perishing with the cold—the cold of December in the North Sea, when the spray cuts the face like a whip-cord. They ate by snatches when they could, which was seldom; and they slept by snatches when they could, which was even less often. And at the end of the fourth day there came a blinding fall of snow and sleet, which drifted down the companion, sheeted the ropes with ice, and hung the yards with icicles, and which made every inch of brass a searing-iron and every yard of the deck a danger to the foot.

It was when this storm began to fall that Weeks grasped Duncan fiercely by the shoulder.

"What is it you did on land?" he cried. "Confess it, man! There may be some chance for us if you go down on your knees and confess it."

Duncan turned as fiercely upon Weeks. Both men were overstrained with want of food and sleep.

"I'm not your Jonah—don't fancy it! I did nothing on land!"

"Then what did you come out for?"

"What did you? To fight and wrestle for your ship,

"Halloo! You've hurt your face too. There's blood on your chin!"

"That's all right!" said Weeks, with an effort. "I reckon I've just bit through my lip."

Duncan stopped his work.

"You've got a medicine-chest, skipper, with some laudanum in it—?"

"Daren't!" replied Weeks. "There's on'y you and me to work the ship. Fix up the job quick as you can, and I'll have a drink of Friar's Balsam afterwards. Seems to me the gale's blowing itself out, and if on'y the wind holds in the same quarter—" And thereupon he fainted.

Duncan bandaged up the leg, got Weeks round, gave him a drink of Friar's Balsam, set the teapot within his reach, and went on deck. The wind was going down; the air was clearer of foam. He tallow'd the lead and heaved it, and brought it down to Weeks. Weeks looked at the sand stuck on the tallow and tasted it, and seemed pleased.

"This gives me my longitude," said he, "but not my latitude, worse luck. Still, we'll manage it. You'd better get our dinner now; any odd thing in the way of biscuits or a bit of cold fish will do, and then I think we'll be able to run."

red on his starboard quarter. The mist sank, the brown sails of a smack thrust upwards through it; coastwards it shifted and thinned and thickened, as though cunningly to excite expectation as to what it hid. Again Weeks called out—

"See anything?"

"Yes," said Duncan, in a perplexed voice. "I see something. Looks like a sort of medieval castle on a rock."

A shout of laughter answered him.

"That's the Gorleston Hotel. The harbour-mouth's just beneath. We've hit it fine," and while he spoke the mist swept clear, and the long, treeless esplanade of Yarmouth lay there a couple of miles from Duncan's eyes, glistening and gilded in the sun like a row of dolls' houses.

"Haul in your sheets a bit," said Weeks. "Keep no' of the hotel, for the tide'll set you up and we'll sail her in without dawlin' behind a tug. Get your mainsail down as best you can before you make the entrance."

Half an hour afterwards the smack sailed between the pier-heads.

"Who are you?" cried the harbour-master.

"The *Willing Mind*."

"The *Willing Mind*'s reported lost with all hands."



Duncan stood at the wheel.

eh? Well, I came out to fight and wrestle for my immortal soul, and let it go at that!"

Weeks turned away, and as he turned, slipped on the frozen deck. A lurch of the smack sent him sliding into the rudder-chains, where he lay. Once he tried to rise, and fell back. Duncan hauled himself along the bulwarks to him.

"Hurt?"

"Leg broke. Get me down into the cabin. Lucky there's the tell-tale. We'll get the *Willing Mind* berthed by the quay, see if we don't." That was still his one thought, his one belief.

Duncan hitched a rope round Weeks, underneath his arms, and lowered him as gently as he could down the companion.

"Lift me on to the table so that my head's just beneath the compass! Right! Now take a turn with the rope underneath the table, or I'll roll off. Push an oily under my head, and then go for'ard and see if you can find a fish-box. Take a look that the wheel's fast."

It seemed to Duncan that the last chance was gone. There was just one inexperienced amateur to change the sails and steer a seventy-ton ketch across the North Sea into Yarmouth Roads. He said nothing, however, of his despair to the indomitable man upon the table, and went forward in search of a fish-box. He split up the sides into rough splints and came aft with them.

"Thank 'ee, lad," said Weeks. "Just cut my boot away, and fix it up best you can."

The tossing of the smack made the operation difficult and long. Weeks, however, never uttered a groan. Only Duncan once looked up, and said—

After dinner Duncan said: "I'll put her about now."

"No; wear her and let her jibe," said Weeks, "then you'll on'y have to ease your sheets."

Duncan stood at the wheel, while Weeks, with the compass swinging above his head, shouted directions through the companion. They sailed the boat all that night with the wind on her quarter, and at daybreak Duncan brought her to and heaved his lead again. There was rough sand with blackish specks upon the tallow, and Weeks, when he saw it, forgot his broken leg.

"My word," he cried, "we've hit the Fisher Bank! You'd best lash the wheel, get our breakfast, and take a spell of sleep on deck. Tie a string to your finger and pass it down to me, so that I can wake you up."

Weeks waked him up at ten o'clock, and they ran south-west with a steady wind till six, when Weeks shouted—

"Take another cast with your lead."

The sand upon the tallow was white like salt.

"Yes," said Weeks; "I thought we was hereabouts. We're on the edge of the Dogger, and we'll be in Yarmouth by the morning." And all through the night the orders came thick and fast from the cabin. Weeks was on his own ground; he had no longer any need of the lead; he seemed no longer to need his eyes; he felt his way across the currents from the Dogger to the English coast; and at daybreak he shouted—

"Can you see land?"

"There's a mist."

"Lie to, then, till the sun's up."

Duncan lay the boat to for a couple of hours, till the mist was tinged with gold and the ball of the sun showed

"Well, here's the *Willing Mind*! and here's one of the hands."

The irrepressible voice bawled up the companion to complete the sentence.

"And the owner's reposin' in his cabin." But in a lower key he added words for his own ears. "There's the old woman to meet. Lord! but the *Willing Mind* has cost me dear."

THE END.

The New English Art Club (Dudley Gallery), to the Philistine eye, has made a strategic movement to the rear, or else the New Art has matured very rapidly. If, however, the display is less astonishing than usual, it is more generally attractive to the ordinary eye. There is plenty of individuality still remaining in the artists' works, but there is a greater regard for what is considered the basis of true art—a knowledge of draughtsmanship and colour. Mr. W. Orpen's "The Mirror" and the portrait of Herbert Everett, Mr. Julian Thorp's "In the Studio," and Mr. W. Rothenstein's "Browning Readers" would be welcomed in any gallery as specimens of vigorous and effective painting. Mr. Francis James's flower subjects in water colours reach almost the highest point attainable in such art. Mr. Muirhead's Constable-inspired "Storm" and his "Evening," and Mr. Frank Mura's "Old Farmyard" are among the really excellent works, and Mr. Hugh Carter's "Sewing Lesson" is quite an idyll of cottage life; while his son, Mr. F. W. Carter, gives promise of a fine sense of colour by his "Dolce far niente." Mr. Charles Purse's equestrian portraits are full of life.



know from experience the disappointment attendant on watching an experiment, only to have it fail at the critical moment from some cause or other. There is no fear of any such *contretemps* in the use of Messrs. Parkins and Gatto's pneumatic cabinet, the apparatus having been manufactured by an eminent firm of philosophical-instrument makers, so that if the clear instructions in the brochure are carefully followed, every experiment cannot fail to be a complete success, and a lad can easily give an attractive entertainment to a children's party or bazaar with it. All the experiments are guaranteed free from danger, and the cabinet will be found an original and popular method for providing entertainment in the home circle, and at the same time instructing a lad in the science of pneumatics.

#### NOTES AND DRESS.

The French Senate has adopted a Bill providing that women who have passed the necessary examinations shall be held qualified to practise as lawyers. In America there are many lady lawyers; and the member of the French Senate who, in the course of the debate, stated that they do not appear in court was quite mistaken. There, the absurd custom of one person (the solicitor) studying the case with the client, in order to instruct another (the counsel) to proceed with it, does not obtain; the one legal adviser sees the client in private, and appears in court when necessary; and lady lawyers are permitted to plead before the court when a client desires, and frequently do so appear. In this country, neither the solicitors nor the barristers will allow women to enter their close corporation. Probably here, or in France, that matters little. But there is one place in which women lawyers are really required—namely, in India. Yet Miss Sorabji, who came to England to study law, and took the papers for the LL.B. degree at Oxford with distinguished success, was refused leave to practise in court on her return to India. As her object was to do for the native women in regard to law what Lady Dufferin's Fund has done in respect to medical aid—namely, to allow the shut-in women of India, who must not see a man, to have the benefit of the services of a fully trained professional member of their own sex—surely no obstacle ought to have been interposed between her and those of her fellow-countrywomen who might wish to engage her aid. In New Zealand and in Canada women are now permitted to practise law, but in none of the old countries, I believe. It will be interesting to see if the French movement is carried through to a practical conclusion, and if Madle. Jeanne Chauvin, who has passed the necessary examinations, will now be able to practise.

Our Parliamentary masters seem determined to prevent the introduction of any new dogs into this country. The existing stringent regulations about the importation of canine travellers are to be strengthened. No dog may be landed at all without his passport to produce. A Government quarantine station is now opened at Beddington, near Croydon, to which every newly purchased dog brought from abroad, or even from Ireland, must be sent for at least six months, at a charge of from seven to ten shillings per week! Dogs that have been in the owner's possession for some time may, however, be kept as heretofore in quarantine for three months in a private house (not in a hotel or boarding or lodging-house), the inmates of which are to be subject during that period to domiciliary visits from policemen to ascertain in the name of the law if the poor "friend of man" is kept securely isolated from all other living creatures; and the dog has to be muzzled in the periods of his brief and personally conducted walks abroad. Well, a dog might be as deadly as a boa-constrictor! When one remembers that the Registrar-General's returns only showed twenty-five deaths per annum from dog-bites for many years before a hydrophobia scare was elaborately worked up by the aid of the most bare-faced untrue statements ever put forth on a matter as to which the truth was easy to ascertain, it certainly seems that a little of this elaborate official attention might be usefully transferred to more considerable questions of public health. Say, for instance, to enforcing the smoke-prevention laws, and so diminishing, if not quite preventing, those foul smoky fogs that we suffer from in London. Every time we have a real London fog it increases the death-rates from respiratory diseases in the week in which it happens more above the average than the deaths from hydrophobia in the whole country amounted to, all told, in a quarter of a century—I do not exaggerate. Yet how seldom one hears of a prosecution of one of the innumerable

factory-owners whose chimneys pollute town atmospheres needlessly!

Meantime, in the exercise of official wisdom, there are the new dog regulations of the Agricultural Department, and they will certainly make any lady think not twice but many times before she returns home from the Continent with a freshly purchased specimen of that fearsome deadly race of beings, dogs. Many of our favourite breeds of dogs came from abroad, either recently or remotely. The dainty Yorkie, no doubt, is bred from English blood; but the Blenheim, or King Charlie, and the Pom were originally importations, though domiciled and bred here for long past; while the popular Griffons, Chows, Japanese and Tibet terriers, the amusing Mexican dog with a tuft on his head, and the active, friendly, and perky Schipperke, are all of recent domestication with us. Then among the bigger dogs the gaunt but graceful Borzoi, the Great Dane, that has almost driven out the old English mastiff as a stately guard for a lady in her solitary walks, St. Bernards, and some other breeds much liked here originated abroad. Till present influences cease to prevail in official circles, however, there will be no more new dogs, or even new blood, to revive our present breeds; for who will care to bring from abroad an animal, no matter how interesting or valuable, knowing that it must of necessity be confined for six months, at a cost of at least ten pounds to its owner, away from oneself in kennels managed by the Government?

had two similar groups of tiny tuckings round it, one just above the waist, the other neatly at the bust, the cut being a full-bloused shape drooping slightly over a gold tissue belt. It was turned back at the bust with revers of red satin edged along with sable, between which, and continued narrowly down the front, was a vest of tucked white chiffon covered with lace, the puffs of the lower sleeves being to match with the vest. A fawn face-cloth had been constructed from the same original model—the skirt was identical, and so was the blousing of the tucked bodice, but the belt and revers were in this case of blue satin, and the vest of white satin covered with gold lace, the effect softened by a collar-band of coffee-tinted lace, a narrow waterfall of this continuing down the front between the flat gold lace points. Gold lace, be it understood, is in no wise stiff and coarse material that is to be seen on a soldier's uniform of state; but a pliable, fine, really lace-like production, simulating the texture and patterns of many fine varieties of thread lace. Gold tissue, too, varies in texture from stiff "galoons" to fabric soft and pliable as muslin. Gold "dingle-dangles," aiguillettes, or *fervets*, are a favourite form of adding a touch of the popular adornment to a gown; and all these trimmings are to be had at the good London shops in profusion of choice.

An illustration of how gold may be introduced into a costume is the following gown: it is in a deep brown woollen material of slightly rough surface; the skirt

has five cordings at the foot; then comes a line of narrow gold Russia braid; then a group of four cordings, and another line of gold braid; and a group of three cordings. The small bolero is edged round with a line of the Russia braid, and from its edge all round a gold lace, some four inches wide, droops; beneath this, near the throat, is a pleated vest, caught on the bust with a nouveau art buckle, and below that is a high-folded belt, both in a rich red silk; the belt has short ends, falling on the skirt at the left side, each terminated by an aiguillette in gold filigree. A pale brown dress is cut down all round the shoulders to show a yoke of cream panne, trimmed round and round closely with a very fine gold round braid, little more than a thread; under this is a bloused vest and a belt of gold network narrowly appearing between and under the edges of a bolero of the brown cloth, which is strapped with lines of white corded silk outlined with gold braid. A corresponding design of lines of white, enhanced by a thread of gold, trims the skirt down from the waist to the point at which the fullness "flares." A simple yet smart house-gown of a fashionnable bride in Princess-shaped; the material is cashmere in old rose pink. At the top it is cut away pinafore-style, the yoke and sleeves thus left being both of guipure laid flatly over white satin, and lightly touched with gold paillettes, a cuff in the old-rose appearing under the sharply cut

off, pagoda sleeve of satin and lace. The gown is braided in a design flowing from a narrow point at the top of the Princess to a wide scroll at the foot, black and gold twisted braid being the trimming material. This gown fastens by tabs on to large gold coin buttons placed a little to the left of

the centre of the figure. Of evening dress I must tell next week.

Our illustrations this week are superb opera-mantles, both in light cloth trimmed with ermine and sable, and silver embroideries.

Vinolia Soap, a great favourite with many ladies, has just received the distinction of royal patronage, the Vinolia Co. having been appointed Soap-Manufacturers to her Majesty.

Among the many attractive exhibits at the Paris Exhibition, few secured so great an amount of attention as that of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. It is, therefore, of interest to learn that the magnificent collection of pearls, diamond ornaments, gem jewellery, and silver plate which secured for the company the international jury's unanimous award of the Grand Prix is now on sale at the show-rooms, 112, Regent Street, W. A unique opportunity is thus offered to the public of securing specimen pearls and other gems, exquisitely mounted diamond ornaments and gem jewellery of the finest quality at prices from 25 to 50 per cent. below those usually charged. The company cordially invite inspection of this superb collection, and do not importune visitors to purchase. The same manufacturers have supplied three handsome and costly prizes to be awarded for the three best ladies' dresses representing flowers, at the floral fete and ball to be held on behalf of Charing Cross Hospital at the Royal Palace Hotel on Dec. 13. The first prize is a very handsome solid gold châtelaine.

FILOMENA.



HANDSOME FUR-TRIMMED OPERA-CLOAKS, EMBROIDERED WITH SILVER.

Opportunities for culture for women are ever-increasing, though it must be many generations before the liberality of donors places women's education anywhere near that of men in regard to endowments and aids. It is especially interesting when opportunities for girls are associated with the memory of eminent women who have passed away, whether by the gifts that they themselves bequeath, or by the affectionate remembrance of their friends. Two instances of this have just occurred: a scholarship at Cambridge, given in memory of the poetess Mathilde Blind, has been awarded; and the annual course of "Hermoine" lectures, founded in memory of the late Duchess of Leinster, has been delivered to a fashionable and large audience of ladies in Dublin. These lectures are given in connection with Alexandra College, at which the beautiful young Duchess, who died in her early bloom, was herself a student in her time. The topic this year is Early Italian Art. Assuredly, this form of memorial would have better pleased its object in both cases than a cold marble, and pompous inscription.

Lace is used almost as profusely on the smart winter gowns as it was on those of the lighter and brighter time of year. It is confined chiefly to the bodice decoration in day dresses of the visiting-gown type; but fashionable evening gowns can scarcely be constructed now without an abundance of this most graceful and delicate of adornments on skirt and corsage alike. An admirable afternoon dress I have seen in red satin cloth of pomegranate shade, the skirt plain but for three groups of small tuckings round the foot. The bodice

T H E R E V O L T I N A S H A N T I.



IN SEARCH OF THE GOLDEN STOOL: THE EXPEDITION AMBUSHED AT BALL.

*From a Sketch by an Officer with the Expedition.*

## WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.

"The 'Boxers' in China can no more be suppressed by decree than anarchism in Paris can be destroyed by placards." That statement, made by Yu-keng, the Chinese Minister in Paris, is plausible, of course, since it comes from a Chinaman. It is also true; but it does not tell so entirely in favour of a peaceable abandonment of the claims made by the Powers in China as the speaker seemed to suppose. It is the Chinese Emperor himself who has issued his Decree against the "Boxer" movement, and then has virtually pointed to them to show that his Government has no complicity in Anti-Foreign riots. It is precisely because you cannot put down popular fanaticism by edict, any more than you can transform a foolish person by telling him to be wise, that the Allied Powers have made stipulations in their terms of peace at which China shies. The Emperor will not consent, Li-Hung-Chang will not consent, to the exemplary punishment by death of some of the magnificent sleeping-partners of the "Boxers"; but the Emperor will, as of old, issue a Decree. It will be as well that he should see how little such a manifesto is rated by one of his own apologists and emissaries when talking the matter over with a representative of the Paris Press. Diplomacy, therefore, goes on with its slow battle—a battle all the more dilatory where the parties to the treaty of peace are out of range of each other. The Emperor remains far away from Peking, despite the delight he has expressed at the prospect of an early return to his capital.

Meanwhile, the flags of seven nations continue to fly at the "International Fort" at Shanhaikuan. It is the sign of a continued unity of purpose, against which prophets have vainly, these months past, hurled predictions of ill. Not even any question of precedence of flags has ruffled



CONDUCTOR W. ALBERT, INDIAN RAILWAY SECTION, AND SERGEANT R. WHITE, 4TH DRAGOON GUARDS.  
Sketch (Facsimile) by Mr. John Schönberg, our Special Artist in China.



TWO OFFICERS OF THE COMMISSARIAT.  
Sketch (Facsimile) by Mr. John Schönberg, our Special Artist in China.

the surface of that calm. The point of honour for a flag at this fort, which is right out on the beach and is partly formed by the Great Wall, might easily have become—well, a point of honour. So it was arranged that the flags should be planted in alphabetical order. Many a delicate point of precedence is settled thus in social and other events. The alphabet has been a great and peace-making master of ceremonies ever now, but never before, perhaps, in an international camp. A little preliminary difficulty had to be decided—the tongue in which the various names of the Powers should be taken. French, the great international language, was decided upon. Then, you might have thought that Albion, even if preceded by a qualifying "perfidious," might have had her chance of priority. But she was Great Britain when the alphabetical order came to be fixed, and Germany as *Allemagne* had the premier place. Furthest to the left of the fort, therefore, the German flag waves. The other nations follow with their flags in this order—Austria, France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and Russia.

Some of the sketches of Mr. John Schönberg do not deal with dramatic episodes of adventure, but supply portraits of typical men taking part with the expedition. Conversation and reflection are factors by which diplomats hope to end for ever, with the century, this particular kind of crisis in China, which has had a record duration. Talk and reflection—the reflection which tobacco stimulates—has its part, too, in the camp-life of the Allies. We see Sergeant White of the 4th Dragoon Guards, and Conductor W. Albert of the Indian Railway Section, on their journey from Tientsin to Peking; two Commissariat officers, Lieutenant Cleve and Lieutenant Van der Gucht, in their quiet quarter of an hour; and Major Scott and Major Samoto, the British and Japanese Commandants at Jungshow, in serious consultation. More stirring, at any rate, in its reminiscences is the scene on the Pei-ho River, where the bodies of dead "Boxers" tell a story of the recent fight. The landing of the Allied troops for the

occupation of Shanhaikuan forms the subject of another illustration.

The Chinese house of rest bears, at first sight, an easy resemblance to an opium-den. It is, in reality, something nearer to an oven. It is lined with bricks and tiles, and is arranged in tiers on tiers, somewhat after the manner of bunks on board a ship. A huge stove supplies the heat to a hot-air chamber between each tier. Less luxurious sounds the wooden pillow; but that is the rest upon which all China lays its weary head, and all Japan.

The important part taken by Japan in the relief of Peking was fully recognised during the earlier stages of what may almost be called the Foreign Occupation of China. Europe was fully alive to the moral as well as material force which Japan's co-operation gave to their joint arms. Now that there is breathing-time, some reckoning has been made of the gains and losses of the Japanese troops. From the day in August on which they marched out of Tientsin down to the day, a fortnight later, when Peking was entered, their losses were two officers and ninety-four rank and file killed, and twenty-seven officers and six hundred and fifty-eight rank and file wounded. Their expenditure of ammunition was heavy, nearly ten thousand common shell, five thousand shrapnel, and over one hundred and thirty-six thousand rounds of small-arm. It is further calculated that the Japanese Treasury has had to disburse nearly a million and a half sterling on account of the expedition. On the other side of the account will, of course, come their share of the general indemnity. The value of the treasures they have taken in Peking is set down at between half and three-quarters of a million, and they captured a great amount of cannon and gunpowder, as well as a large supply of rice, valued at



A CONSULTATION BETWEEN MAJOR SCOTT AND MAJOR SAMOTO, BRITISH AND JAPANESE COMMANDANTS AT JUNGSHOW.  
Sketch (Facsimile) by Mr. John Schönberg, our Special Artist in China.

one hundred thousand pounds. Whatever the Japanese soldiery possessed itself of in the few days when the spirit of looting was abroad, it has the credit of being the first to establish order and to encourage the Chinese to resume business. This was the more important because the Japanese held the largest and most populous section of the city. The British also did well, but they had fewer shops to open, and, as an observant correspondent puts it, "our brethren from India learnt slowly that they would have to buy if they wanted anything." The Americans took a little longer in their district to get things back into everyday order. The Russians and French, according to the same authority, were a trifle slower in bringing their district into line; and the Germans, arriving later, and with the heats of a crusading and avenging spirit upon them, made a little panic, which drove a good many of the respectable Chinese people within the sphere of English and American influence. The sanitation of a city so long the scene of warfare naturally comes into question. Large numbers of Chinese have lately died of smallpox and other infectious diseases; and, owing to the fear of the natives—unfounded of course—that the foreigners will interfere with the funerals, many bodies remain unburied in dwelling-houses or in the courtyards attached to them. The destruction of a temple here and there, where it has been a centre of sedition, and promises to be the source of endless conflict, may have confirmed the



AFTER THE BATTLE: A SCENE ON THE PEI-HO RIVER.

Sketch (Facsimile) by Mr. John Schanberg, our Special Artist in China.

Outer Gate (now closed by  
Engineer), Burnt June 15. Inner gate.

American Legation.

The Imperial  
City and PalaceFirst Secretary's House,  
British Legation.Chimney of Electric  
Light Station. Ruins of  
Imperial Customs.

German Legation.

Chinese Regimental Flag.



American Advanced Barricade.

Spanish Legation.

Top of American Barricade.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TARTAR CITY OF PEKING, TAKEN FROM THE WALL WHICH DIVIDES IT FROM THE CHINESE CITY.

From a Sketch by E. Wray.

popular notion, spread by the "Boxers," that the religious liberty of the population is threatened by Europe. Such a scene painful enough under the most provocative circumstances—finds its record in one of our Illustrations. Insanitary conditions, apart altogether from those caused by any fanatical misapprehensions, do, however, exist in the city. Garbage lies out to rot and to breed pestilence. With this evil the British have attempted to cope by means of a dust-cart service. Only by prompt measures can a great epidemic be stayed off.

Debates on the position in China have taken place in the Parliaments of Germany and of France. Count von Bulow and M. Delcassé have explained and defended their policy in very much the same words in which it has been expounded—one need hardly say defended—in this country. Contrary to sinister anticipations in some quarters, both the German Chancellor and the French Minister of Foreign Affairs adhered to the policy of "the open door" and of the integrity of China. Both equally agreed as to the necessity of punishing the outrage-mongers in China, and of obtaining recompense for the injury they have done, and the expenditure they have made necessary. Both these speakers when announcing that the troops under their control would not be withdrawn until this satisfaction had been obtained, hinted at the desirableness of putting a period to the time of waiting, of negotiating, of palavers, and of delays.

WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.

*From Sketches by Mr. W. G. Littlejohns.*



THE OCCUPATION OF SHANHAIKUAN: THE DISEMBARKATION OF THE ALLIED TROOPS.



THE OCCUPATION OF SHANHAIKUAN: THE "INTERNATIONAL FORT."

*On this Fort the flags of seven nations are flying. As the French name of the nations are taken in alphabetical order, the flag of Germany (Allemagne) comes first, but, being far to the left, is not shown in this drawing. The other flags are those of Austria, France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and Russia. The fort is right on the beach, and is partly formed of the Great Wall.*

WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.



GETTING AT THE ROOT OF THE EVIL: THE DESTRUCTION OF A CHINESE TEMPLE ON THE BANK OF THE PEI-HO.

*From a Sketch by Mr. John Schönberg, our Special Artist in China.*

## LITERATURE.

## SOME CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Early first among those Christmas books which appeal equally to young people and to their parents is the truly charming little album that the mysterious "Elizabeth" has joined with Miss Kate Greenaway in preparing—*The April Baby's Book of Tunes*, by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden"; illustrated by Kate Greenaway (Macmillan, 6s.). The volume is characteristic of all that is best in the work of both writer and artist.



They sailed away in a sieve, they did,  
In a sieve they sailed so fast,  
With only a beautiful pea-souper vest  
Tied with a ribbon by way of a sail,  
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.

Reproduced from "The Jumbies," by permission of Messrs. E. Warne and Co.

It is hard to say which is the most delightful, the April Baby, who gives her name to the book, the May Baby, or the June Baby.

Yet another Christmas book which stands out apart from the rest is Mr. W. B. Yeats's contribution to fairy-tale literature—*Irish Fairy Tales*, edited, with an Introduction, by W. B. Yeats; illustrated by Jack B. Yeats (Fisher Unwin, 1s.). Quite as delightful as the stories themselves—which, one is glad to see, include the lovely, fanciful tales of Lever and of William Carleton, as well as more modern examples translated from the Gaelic by Douglas Hyde—is the Introduction, in which Mr. Yeats explains and defends his countrymen and country-women's steadfast belief in the fairies, or the "gentry," as the Irish call the little people for politeness' sake! Mr. Jack B. Yeats's two illustrations are so excellent, and it may even be said, so illuminative, that it makes one regret that there are not more of them.

Some of the most delightful of the Christmas books published this year are only old friends in new frocks. Such, for instance, as *Fairy Tales*, by Hans Christian Andersen, newly translated by H. L. Brokstad; with an Introduction by Edmund Gosse; illustrated by Hans Tegner (Heinemann, two vols., 10s. each). The two splendid volumes, admirably illustrated with pictures on almost every page, are dedicated by permission to the Princess of Wales.

As for Lear's nonsense-verses, their popularity is rightly perennial. *Nonsense-Songs*, by Edward Lear, illustrated by Leslie Brook (Warne and Co., 6s.), is a very delightful reissue of one of Lear's lesser-known collections, and Mr. Brook has caught delightfully the curious fantastic humour of perhaps the most successful nonsense-writer of this or any other age. We give an illustration from the other Lear book published by the same firm—*The Jumbies and Other Nonsense-Verses*, by Edward Lear; illustrated by Leslie Brook (Warne and Co., 3s. 6d.)—where again the artist has been peculiarly happy in illustrating a famous verse. As for the innumerable modern volumes of nonsense-verses—which it may be said without offence, would probably never have existed had not Lear shown the way, and H. B. and B. T. B. shown how successful might be a revival of that peculiar style—their name is legion. A charming example—*A Child's London*, by Hamish Hendry, with fourteen illustrations by Carton Moorepark (Sands and Co., 3s. 6d.)—contains many vivid presentations of the more picturesquely side of London town; and some of the verses, especially those entitled "The Four Lions," which, of course, refer to Landseer's beasts in Trafalgar Square, are not only excellent nonsense, but also contain a charming touch of fanciful romance. Alas that the same cannot be said of another little nonsense-book—*Mother Goose Cooked*, by John H. Myrtle and Reginald Digby (John Lane, 2s. 6d.)—

where, to some clever and original illustrations, done in the bright colours that most children like so much, are wedded absurd and vulgar travesties of the dear old nursery rhymes. Children can well do without the following sample of wit—

Sing a song of ninepence,  
Learn it off by heart,  
Fifteen-and-thirty "shop-eggs"  
Cooked in a tart.

It is somewhat of a relief to turn to a really old-fashioned book of verse, and no one who has to do with children can doubt that this volume, *Golden Hair and Curly Head*, by Allen Upward, illustrated by Harold Copping (Hurst and Blackett, 2s. 6d.), in which is told in verse the story of two little children, will certainly greatly delight young readers, as will the black-and-white illustrations. What can be more charming and descriptive than the following little lines?—

A tiny maid was Golden Hair,  
With eyes as blue as china-ware;  
A baby boy was Curly Head,  
No apple's cheeks so round and red.

In *Christmas Eve at Romney Hall*, written and illustrated from pencil drawings by Elsie Macgregor (Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d.), a pretty idea is carried out—that of telling a child in quaint simple verse something of those of his ancestors whose pictures hang on the walls of his home. Mr. E. V. Lucas, to whom the modern child owes so much, is represented this Christmas by an imposing album, *Four and Twenty Toilers*; pictures by F. D. Bedford, verses by E. V. Lucas (Grant Richards, 6s.). But do children understand what "toiler" means? We commend to Mr. Lucas the example of the immortal child who one day observed, "Mother, what is love? Is it a windy pain?"

It is evident that a great deal of loving care has been devoted to the preparation of *Old English Singing Games*, collected by Alice B. Gomme; illustrated by Edith Harwood (George Allen, 5s.). A word of hearty commendation may also be given to the illustrations, though it seems a pity that the title-page should have taken so strongly the khaki infection, for it is quite curious how little the military element entered into old British games. *Wyemarke and the Mountain Fairies*, by Edward H. Cooper; illustrated by Wyemarke and G. P. Jacob-Hood (Duckworth and Co., 3s. 6d.). Mr. Cooper's continuation of his first charming book, "Wyemarke and the Sea Fairies," is an excellent example of what the modern fairy tale should be.

Perhaps the most valuable and enduring result of Mr. Lang's researches in folk-lore will be found to have been those volumes of fairy tales which year by year he adds to the children's library. *The Grey Fairy Book*, by Andrew Lang (Longmans, Green, 6s.), a Christmas book well worthy of its predecessors, contains a fascinating series of

stories from Lithuania, various parts of Africa, Germany, France, Greece, and other regions. Parallels to other tales will be discovered in several cases, notably in "Herr Lazarus and the Draken," which is akin to our doughty acquaintance, "Seven at a Blow," in Grimm's collection. From Mr. Ford's excellent illustrations to the book we take one accompanying the German story of "The Little Grey Man." For that worthy's adventures with the nun, the blacksmith, and the countryman we refer the reader to "The Grey Fairy Book" itself. It is not the most wonderful story in the volume, but "all are readable and none are dull."

We had thought that Mr. Andrew Lang had made the coloured fairy book his own; it should, however, be clearly understood that *The Ruby Fairy Book*, with seventy-eight illustrations by H. R. Millar (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.), is a collection of fairy tales by different authors, and has no connection with Mr. Lang's well-known series. A very charming modern French fairy tale is by Jules Lemaitre, whose name, by the way, is here misspelt.

How far Mr. Ingold is justified in publishing a *Wonderland* book in which an Alice plays a part is a moot point! *Glimpses from Wonderland*, by John Ingold, with five illustrations by A. Bauerle (John Long, 6s.), however, is not in any sense an imitation of the two Alice masterpieces. Mr. Oliver Herford, although an Englishman, has made a great reputation in America, and the illustrations to *The Dream-Fox Story Book*, by Mabel Osgood

Wright; pictures by Oliver Herford (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), especially those of *Billy Button*, the boy hero, and of the *Dream Fox* himself, should make him equally popular on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Walter Crane's picture books are like the wine that needs no bush, and *Beauty and the Beast Picture Book*, by Walter Crane, engraved and printed by Edmund Evans (John Lane, 4s. 6d.), a reissue of an old favourite, may be heartily recommended to both big and little folk.

*In the Deep Woods*, by Albert Bigelow Paine; illustrated by J. M. Conde (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.), an admirably illustrated volume, belongs to the modern fairy-tale type in which talking animals play a considerable part. And this is also true of *A Noah's Ark Geography*, by Mabel Dearmer (Macmillan, 6s.).

*In Bubbles: His Book*, by R. F. Irvine; illustrated by D. H. Souter (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.), we have an example of the story-adventure fairy book, and the fanciful idea of a child following a soap-bubble to its ultimate destination is prettily carried out.

*The Home of Santa Claus*, by George A. Best; illustrated from photographs by Arthur Ulyett (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is the story of the visit of a little boy, Leslie Gordon, to Father Christmas, and of the strange sights he beheld in the Town of Toys. A story-book entirely illustrated by photographs is, we fancy, a quite new departure, at any rate in this country. *Windfaires, and Other Tales*, by Mary de Morgan, illustrated by Cockrell (Seeley and Co., 5s.), is a charming old-fashioned story-book, some of the illustrations being particularly graceful and full of delicate imagination. *Fairy Tales from Afar*, translated from the Danish popular tales of Svend Grundtvig by Jane Müller, with thirty-four illustrations by Sidney F. Aldridge (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.), belong to folklore literature, and are, when regarded from that point of view, profoundly interesting and curious. *Friends, Old and New*, twenty German and nursery fairy tales, retold by Sophie Hirsch (Elliot Stock, 6s.), attempts to do for Germany very much what the volume just noticed does for Denmark. It is unillustrated.

The child who is also an animal-lover has plenty of charming books to choose from. In *A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals*, by Percy J. Billinghurst (John Lane, 6s.), each anecdote is accompanied by an illustration of more or less fanciful character, though we may be sure that the large, plainer pictures will find most favour with the young people who become the happy possessors of the book. Of a more old-fashioned description, but perhaps for that reason none the less welcome in most nurseries, is the book, *Animal Land for Little People*, by S. H. Hanner (Cassell and Co., 1s. 6d.), evidently illustrated from photographs taken at the Zoo. And one welcomes a new edition of an animal-book which bids fair to become a classic—*Tales Told in the Zoo*, by F. Carruthers Gould and F. H. Carruthers Gould; illustrated by F. C. G. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.).

Barbara is to be congratulated on her song-book—*Barbara's Song Book*, by Cecile Hartog; pictured by John Hassall; words by Ellis Walton (George Allen, 5s.)—which contains some very pretty tunes, charming verses, and quaint illustrations.

*Urchins of the Sea*, by Marie Overton Corbin and Charles Buxton Going (Longmans, Green, and Co., 3s. 6d.), is a pretty album, where a story told in rhyme is somewhat reminiscent, as are the illustrations, of "The Water Babies," and may be recommended to those who already know by heart that nursery classic. In *The Little Boy Book*, by Helen Hay (John Lane, 6s.), the colour-illustrations are very clever and vivid, though they do not give a pleasant impression of the little boy in question; the verses are poor.

It may be a moot point as to whether grim war is ever a fit subject for a Christmas booklet; once that question is waived, *Britons and Boers*, verses by Herbert Ives, pictures by Scutson Clarke (John Lane, 1s. 6d.), may be heartily commended, the Kiplingesque verses being as excellent in their way as the pictures. In *Proverbs Improved*, colour-pictures by Grace A. May, verses by Frederick Chapman (John Lane, 2s. 6d.), the illustrations are more successful than the verses.

Messrs. Nelson and Co. cater admirably for little folks in their series of cardboard-bound albums, which, though not destined to an over-long life, contain some exceedingly charming illustrations, notably those entitled *The Dear Old Fairy Tales* (2s. 6d.), *The Red, White, and Blue* (7s. 6d.), and *A Week at the Farm* (2s. 6d.).

[For a List of Books Received, see page 767.]



"THE LITTLE GREY MAN DEMANDED MORE."

Reproduced from "The Grey Fairy Book," by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.



THE LATE SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.  
BORN, MAY 13, 1842; DIED, NOVEMBER 21, 1900.



THE ARRIVAL OF MR. KRUGER AT MARSEILLES: THE EX-PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL LISTENING TO THE BOER NATIONAL AIR AT THE HOTEL.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. G. Amato.



WINTER IN CHINA: A CHINESE REST-HOUSE.

In the large cities the houses are built of bricks and tiles, and are arranged in tiers like bunks on board ship. Between each tier there are hot-air chambers, heated by a huge stove, and the only bedding is a wooden block for a pillow.



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AND MISS FAY DAVIS AS THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ST. ASAPH IN THE NEW PLAY, "THE WISDOM OF THE WISE,"  
AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The fare I am enabled to place before the reader this week is, perhaps, rather *recherché*. I doubt, however, whether from a sterling sociological point of view it will prove very nourishing, unless it be that the idiosyncrasies of others may also supply mental food to the onlookers. One and all of the dishes contributed by the French to the world's menu of events for the last eight days come under the heading of Benjamin Disraeli's "satisfaction without sustenance," both as far as the concocters of those dishes are concerned and the nations to which they are offered. The sole *prix de résistance*, tough, indigestible Anglophobia, figures so invariably in every one of their international entertainments as to have caused long ago utter satiety in those for whom it is intended; that item comes on to the board and is removed so often that it fails to arouse the intellectual appetite of the right-thinking, sensible, average Englishmen any more than an *entrée* of meanwhile croaking frogs would tempt his material appetite.

As I ventured to predict in my previous article, the Marseillais were so evidently determined not to yield the palm of mendacity to the Parisians as to have faithfully carried out all the preliminary fiction the Parisians had written in connection with the reception of Kruger. Nominally, their shouting and pinchbeck enthusiasm were meant to convey their sympathy with the Boers; in reality, they were intended, first, to manifest their antipathy to the English; secondly, to mark their disapproval of their own Government. The first intent will do England no harm; what the second will do with regard to W. E. Gladstone's Administration it is impossible to foretell, inasmuch as in France the unexpected generally happens.

This ingrained dislike of the French nation towards England may, as some keen observers aver, have its root in history, and be due to the Frenchman's recollection of defeat whenever he and the Englishman have confronted each other, from Crécy to Waterloo. I do not wish to make light of that theory; yet have I an idea that it must be fortified by much more recent events, in which the race was to the swift rather than the battle to the strong. When Bismarck, in order to have peace at home, advised Jules Ferry to embark upon a colonial policy, he virtually got rid of a formidable enemy—at any rate, temporarily—at the expense of England, towards which he did not feel a very ardent affection. He practically killed two birds with one stone; for France fell to a certain extent into the trap laid for her, and England, whether she likes to admit it or not, has since then been often seriously embarrassed by France's pretensions to march abreast with her as a colonising Power.

The very equivocal success of France in Cochin-China and in Madagascar, not to mention the serious diplomatic check she brought upon herself in the Fashoda affair, has not taught her wisdom. As yet she refuses to acknowledge that her system of home government, when applied to semi-savage or wholly savage conquered countries, is not calculated to advance her colonising aspirations. The Voulet-Chanoine affair, even if one admits it to be exaggerated for the purpose of political party warfare, ought to have opened her eyes to the want of wisdom of the unmitigated arbitrariness, not to say worse, of her armies of occupation. Nevertheless, she remains as blind as ever, and in some instances she boldly ascribes her failures, not to the right cause, but to England's intrigues.

If France, however, had the most perfect scheme of colonisation ever devised by a heaven-born statesman and matchless philanthropist in one, that scheme would still be doomed to failure in its execution for want of the most indispensable element of colonisation—namely, colonists. George III. wished to know why the inhabitants of Weymouth did not illuminate their town on the occasion of one of his visits. "There were many reasons, your Majesty," said the Mayor. "Tell me one," remarked the King. "We had no oil, your Majesty," was the reply. "That reason is all-sufficient," laughed the Sovereign: "you need not mention the rest." France has no colonists, because the term, taken in its most inward significance, means surplus population. It would be idle to pretend that our colonies in Australia, and for the matter of that elsewhere, were founded by the cream of Englishmen, although there were some admirable men among the second if not among the first settlers. At present those colonies provide an outlet for the ne'er-do-well, whose parents or friends are at their wits' end to make him a useful member of society at home. They are also the supreme resource of energetic men—Irish, Scotch, and English—who, owing to the intense competition and overcrowding in every walk of life, fail to find a secure footing in their native land. All this implies that Great Britain is chokefull both of worthy and less worthy creatures who would perish in the crowd, but who, given a sufficiency of elbow-room, may reckon upon the chance of doing well.

That condition of things does not prevail in France. The population is decreasing year by year in the rural districts; in the great centres it remains stationary by the importation of souls from the country. The indisputable fact has aroused the alarm of seriously minded men, who are trying to devise a cure for it. The cure is utopian and arbitrary. It consists of a tax on all single people and of married ones without children, the revenues proposed to be thus collected going to the humble blessed with many offspring. The bill to that effect, due to M. Piot, Senator for the Côte-d'Or, will shortly come on for discussion in the Upper House. There is no very great probability or even possibility of its passing; meanwhile the so-called patriotic Frenchman, who besides being a patriot is also a stay-at-home, is making an exhibition of himself in the matter of pro-Boer manifestations and processions, the unavowed motive of which is a dog-in-the-manger colonial policy; for to judge by the latest reports while I am writing, Paris has followed suit in treating Mr. Kruger as an ill-used man and as a conquering hero.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.  
H. DONOVAN (Listowel).—Neither of your proposed solutions to No. 2349 is correct. Your solution of No. 2349 was incorrect, because when Rook checked at Queen's sixth, Black replied P to K 8th, discovering check, and White must lose a move in getting rid of the adverse check.

I. MOORE.—We require the author's solution with the diagram, because we might find one that was not the intended way. In your problem, however, there is the preliminary difficulty that the White King is in check to the Black Queen. There is also a mate in two moves by 1. P to B 7th check.

W. H. GUNN.—In your previous problem if Black play K to B 6th, White can play 2. Kt to Q 8th instead of your own, a bad dual. Thanks for further contribution.

C. BURNETT.—Your last three-move problem is rather below your standard, and we should like to see the other you mention.

C. SOULE.—Neither of your problems is of service to us. Your solution of No. 2351 is incorrect.

W. A. CLARK.—Very neat indeed; it shall have an early place.

C. DOUGLAS ANGUS.—To hand with thanks.

H. M. PRIDEAUX (Clifton).—We endorse your criticism, and like yourself rejoice to see the old names come so well to the front again.

A. H. WILLIAMS (Bristol).—Your problem shall have every attention.

J. W. (Huddersfield).—A line from "an old friend" is much esteemed.

C. M. (San Bernardino, California).—We have forwarded your letter to the proper quarter.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2347 received from W. C. Bresnan (Napa, California) and Walter St. Clair Lord (Santa Barbara, California); of No. 2349 from C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.) and Walter W. Conklin (Englewood, U.S.A.); of No. 2350 from J. Muxworthy (Hooke), W. M. Kely (Worthing), and T. Colledge (Halliburton (Edinburgh)); of No. 2351 from G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham) and J. D. Tucker (Ilkley).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2352 received from C. R. Shaw Stewart (T. G. Ware), Edith Corser (Reigate), J. Muxworthy (Hooke), T. Colledge (Halliburton (Edinburgh)), Edward J. Sturges (Henry A. Donavan (Listowel)), C. A. and C. B. (London), M. J. M. (London), J. H. (London), Charles Burnett, T. Roberts, F. W. Moore (Brixton), Major Nangle, F. B. (Worthing), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W. A. Lillie (Edinburgh), W. H. Bohn (Worthing), F. J. S. (Hastings), J. H. Warburton Lee (W. H. church), G. Cooper (Surbiton), F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), W. D. A. Barnard (Up 'n' ingham), Sorrento, G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Alpha, C. E. Perugini, F. H. Marsh (Bridport), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Miss D. Gregson, Shadwell, F. S. Smith (Oxford), and C. E. H. (Chilton).

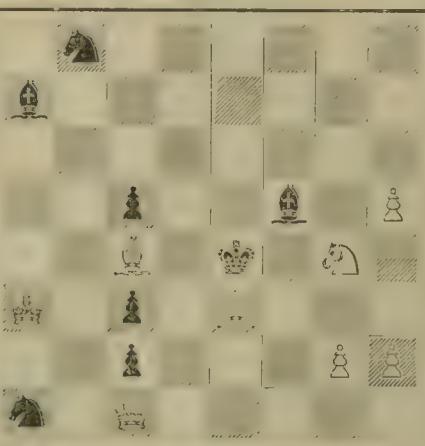
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2351.—BY J. PAUL TAYLOR.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. P to B 8th (a R) P to R 8th (a B)  
2. K to B 6th K takes B  
3. R mates.

If Black play 1. P takes Kt (a Q), 2. R to R 8th; and if 1. P to R 8th in Q, then R to B 2nd, etc.

## PROBLEM NO. 2354.—BY C. W. (Sumbury).

BLACK.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. HAROLD and HERBERT JACOB.

(Hungarian Defence.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Mr. Harold J.)	(Mr. Herbert J.)	(Mr. Harold J.)	(Mr. Herbert J.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th	16. B to Kt 3rd	P to R 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. Castles	P to R 5th
3. B to B 4th	B to K 2nd	18. B to R 2nd	P to Kt 4th
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	19. P to Kt 6th	P to Kt 5th
5. P to Q R 3rd	Castles	20. P takes B (ch)	K to R 5th
6. Kt to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd	21. Q takes Kt	R to Q Kt 4th
7. Kt to Q 3rd	B to K 4th	22. Q takes Kt	Q to K 3rd
8. Kt to Q 5th	Kt takes Kt	23. Q takes Kt	P to K 3rd
9. P takes B	Kt to Kt sq	24. K to Q 2nd	Q takes K
10. Q to Q 2nd	Q to Kt 2nd	25. R takes P	K takes B
11. P to R 8th	Kt to K 3rd	26. R takes P	K takes B
12. P to Kt 4th	Kt takes P	27. B to Kt sq	K to B 3rd
13. P to Kt 6th	Rt takes B	28. P to Kt 4th	K to B 3rd
14. B P takes Kt		29. Q to B 6th (ch)	K to Q 3rd
All these moves very strong and exciting on both sides, and provide a most interesting game. Black had narrow escape, but just manages to count out of every third move, and so wins the game.			
No doubt White worked out the interesting combination arising from P takes Kt, P to Kt 6th, P to Kt 3rd, P to Kt 4th, P to Kt 5th, P to Kt 6th, P to Kt 7th, P to Kt 8th, P to Kt 9th, P to Kt 10th, P to Kt 11th, P to Kt 12th, P to Kt 13th, P to Kt 14th, P to Kt 15th, P to Kt 16th, P to Kt 17th, P to Kt 18th, P to Kt 19th, P to Kt 20th, P to Kt 21st, P to Kt 22nd, P to Kt 23rd, P to Kt 24th, P to Kt 25th, P to Kt 26th, P to Kt 27th, P to Kt 28th, P to Kt 29th, P to Kt 30th, P to Kt 31st, P to Kt 32nd, P to Kt 33rd, P to Kt 34th, P to Kt 35th, P to Kt 36th, P to Kt 37th, P to Kt 38th, P to Kt 39th, P to Kt 40th, P to Kt 41st, P to Kt 42nd, P to Kt 43rd, P to Kt 44th, P to Kt 45th, P to Kt 46th, P to Kt 47th, P to Kt 48th, P to Kt 49th, P to Kt 50th, P to Kt 51st, P to Kt 52nd, P to Kt 53rd, P to Kt 54th, P to Kt 55th, P to Kt 56th, P to Kt 57th, P to Kt 58th, P to Kt 59th, P to Kt 60th, P to Kt 61st, P to Kt 62nd, P to Kt 63rd, P to Kt 64th, P to Kt 65th, P to Kt 66th, P to Kt 67th, P to 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*Drawn by Mr. W. Rainey.*



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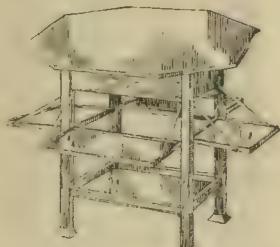
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Not every Italian town is so picturesque as to justify a clamour of lamentation whenever a project of rebuilding is announced from the *Municipio*. A city here and there may date from so fine a time that every act of destruction or every new building added is so much lost of its character and beauty; but Naples is not one of these. What will be built there to-morrow will probably be both more wholesome and convenient, and not really less picturesque than what was built there fifty or a hundred years ago. The noisiest and densest populace



THE POLLONETTO, SANTA LUCIA, NAPLES.



THE PROMENADE OF SANTA LUCIA BEFORE DEMOLITION.

Photo by J. G. Cross, supplied by Carlo Abbona.

in Europe, or so it seems, is stacked and piled up in some of the Neapolitan streets in houses that seem to cast a perpetual shadow. The heat of a long Southern summer is built out, but at a cost which science has only now begun to count for us. On a magnificent coast open to the sun and the sea, and fertile in orange-flower and a vegetation which is itself a purification, the capital of this belated, transplanted, and degenerate Greece is an ancient home of

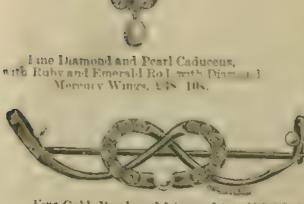
fever. The demolition of that old staired street, the Pollonetto, does not, however, take place without some regrets. Modern Italy has set its face against stairway-streets, though there is nothing more pictorial, and though, too, their place is taken by steep roadways that add to the sufferings of animals in the cruel South. There are three ways of treating heights such as the yellow-brown rocks that hamper the city of

Naples: you may climb them by steps, or make a zigzag road to their summits, or you may blast and cut them, and take a straight street mercilessly through, as at Genoa. As to Santa Lucia and the promenade where the Naples of fashion takes the evening air, the traveller will have to make the best of a front of new houses. There is always a hope that the mellowing climate will speedily gild them.

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ECCLESIASTICAL  
NOTES

At last week's great demonstration of the S.P.G., the Bishop of Rochester gave some striking instances of the recent growth of interest in foreign missions. When he was Vicar of Leeds the S.P.G. held its annual meeting in a small room, which was never more than half or three parts full. In the present year the largest building in the town was engaged for the Society's gathering, and was crowded to the doors. Dr. Talbot believes that the missionary exhibitions which have been so popular lately are signs of growing enthusiasm.

In the Colonies, too, the same heartiness is apparent. In the Sydney Town Hall, which holds 3000 people, missionary meetings were lately held on five successive nights. The Governor presided, and all the leading people in the town were present. Mrs. Bishop, however, in a later speech deplored the apathy she has noticed in many English parishes with regard to foreign missions.

The Bishop of London is recovering somewhat slowly from his illness, which at its worst took the form of severe gastritis. Dr. Freighton is still suffering from weakness, and it is not thought probable that he will attempt any public duties this year.

The Rev. S. F. Stone, one of the most popular and beloved of the City clergy, has been released at last from his long suffering. Mr. Stone's literary gifts and studious occupations did not prevent him from taking an active interest in many forms of social work. He opened his



THE TRIAL OF THE NEW FIRST CLASS CRUISER "CRESSY": LEAVING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

Photo, Welch and sons.

Church of All Hallows, London Wall, near Liverpool Street, as a place of shelter and rest for work-girls and others who were compelled to wait about in the streets until the warehouses opened.

We have also to mourn the loss of Prebendary Whittington, perhaps the last of the old school of City rectors. He was an excellent organiser and man of affairs, and during his long life was connected with most of the leading Anglican societies.

The Bishop of St. John's, Kaffraria, is visiting London at present, and at a recent missionary meeting told a story of an educated and converted Kaffir who wished to take

Wilkinson, Canon Gore, and others have offered to hold missions in different parts of the country, and the Bishops of the South African Church have accepted the proposal. Canon Farmer, of Pretoria, has just published an interesting little volume on "The Transvaal as a Mission Field."

Some of the diocesan century funds have been started rather late in the day. It is only now announced that Church people in the diocese of Salisbury are invited to raise a sum of 500,000 shillings as a thank-offering. It is probable that the first year of the new century, as well as the last of the old, will be needed to make up all the various funds of the Churches.

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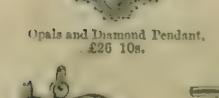
Oval and Diamond, £4 13s. 6d.



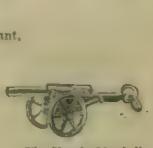
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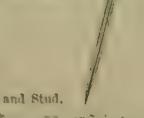


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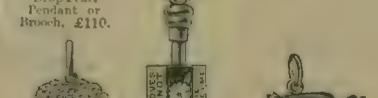
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## ART NOTES.

Even in the world of art, or at any rate in the world of art galleries, we have our surprises. The New Gallery has obtained a music and dancing license. Here, indeed, is the irony of fate! Twenty years or so ago the Grosvenor Gallery, which had been called into existence to vindicate British art, was suddenly rent by two contending influences—the serious and the frivolous. The former, which held by the watchword, "Art for art's sake," was scandalised by the proposal to carry on feasting and dancing in rooms dedicated to the worship of pure art. A hegira ensued, and the true believers found their Mecca in the New Gallery, which was to be secure from stereotyped feet and midnight wassailing. Art alone, however, seems to share the same difficulties as land, and does not allow a margin sufficient for the producer, the middleman, and gallery-owner to make a livelihood; so it comes that the last-named—whose sympathies are rather with tangible dividends than with ideal aspirations—thinks that pictures should be seen by night by such who will pay. Whether the present show will prove attractive by day remains to be seen. The exhibition is that of the Society of Portrait Painters, a nomad society unhampered by a fixed abode or fixed principles, so far as one can gather from the mixed assortment of second and fifth rate works brought together. The chief honours of the exhibition fall to the Glasgow school, Mr. John Laverty, Mr. J. H. Lorimer, and Mr. J. Guthrie being well and even strongly represented. Mr. Richard Jack, who is also affiliated to the same

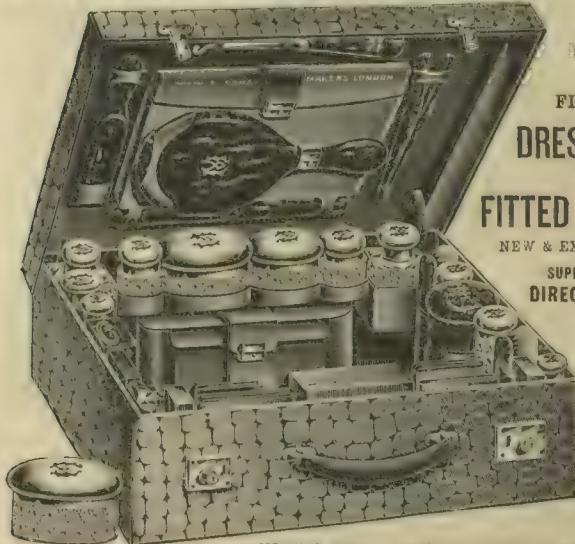
body, has some interesting work, but as a rule is too smooth, especially when portraying old ladies. The Hon. John Collier also shows to good advantage, and his work is always scholarly, even when unsympathetic. Such pictures as Ford Madox Brown's portrait of himself, Mr. G. F. Watts's of George Andrews, and Mr. George Sauter's of Professor Max Müller have an interest of association apart from their special merit as works of art, whilst Mr. Orchardson's (previously exhibited) portrait of Mr. E. Davis suggests the origin of the artist's model for "Bonaparte on the *Bellerophon*."

The Society of Miniature-Painters has also found hospitality in the New Gallery, and the small collection includes some choice specimens of this fascinating art. The majority of the exhibitors are ladies, and among these Miss Winifred Thomson holds almost, if not quite, the first place; but there are others who follow very closely on her lead. Mr. Dudley Hardy oversteps the limits of miniature-painting in such complex works as "The Slave Market," etc., as does Mr. H. R. Robertson in his pastels, and it is almost equally out of keeping with its limitations to attempt full-length portraits, as Mr. Quinell has done; or studies from Dutch life, as given by Mr. Tom Browne; or of French life, as by Madame Lebellement-Chardon, although we gratefully recognise the value of her influence and teaching upon our own school of miniature-painting.

By a judicious mingling of the old and the new, Messrs. Tooth and Sons (Haymarket) have arranged an

interesting collection for their winter exhibition. Corot, Troyon, Jacque, and Daubigny are names which never fail to arouse interest, but it is seldom that such attractive specimens of their work can nowadays be brought together as are to be seen here. "The River Ferry," by Troyon, painted in 1849, is one of the most interesting, as showing the direct influence exercised by Constable on French art, and this date corresponds very nearly with the honours awarded to him at the Paris Salon. Among contemporary painters it is interesting to compare the work of Henné and Bouguereau, who in turns have ruled supreme in French academic circles. With the more flashy style of art introduced under the auspices of Fortuny, we are less in sympathy, although it seems to have captivated a number of young Italian, Spanish, and even French painters. Several of these are represented here, of whom M. J. B. Roy is the most conspicuous by his "Chant Grégorien," which might be more aptly entitled "Forcing the Note"—both in colour and design—want of repose being its pervading characteristic. Among the home products those of Mr. B. W. Leader are the most numerous, and in his "Still Pool on a Welsh River" he displays his manner and more style than usual. In this picture and in his "Mount Edgcumbe" he shows less inflexibility in his atmospheric effects, and one is led to hope that in this connection he will continue to make concessions to Nature. Mr. T. Blinks, as a painter of dogs, Mr. Fred Morgan, as a painter of pastorals, and Mrs. Henrietta Rae, of classical myths, are well represented. The last-named contributes her "Diana and Calisto," a careful but unequal work.

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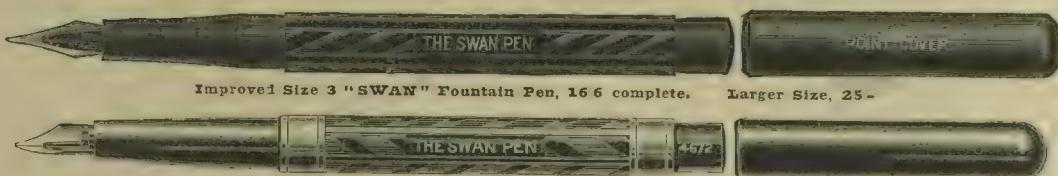


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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1894), with three codicils (dated June 20 and July 17, 1895, and March 12, 1896), of Robert Kay Whitehead, Esq., of Clivley Bank, Pendlebury, Manchester, who died on Feb. 20, was proved on Nov. 17 at the Manchester District Registry by Dugald Scott and Walter Scott, the executors, the value of the estate being £379,182 13s. 10d. The testator bequeaths legacies of £3000 to each of his nephews and nieces Walter Whitehead, Mrs. McKeon, Mrs. Mucklow, Mrs. Sharp, and Robert Whitehead; to his grandniece Mrs. Bennett £2000; to his cousins William Whitehead £1500, Elizabeth Whitehead £500, and Mary Greenhalgh £500; to his godchild Elth Arowsmith £1000; and to his friend Mrs. E. P. Arowsmith £2000, all free of legacy duty. He also bequeaths numerous charitable legacies, all free of duty. The testator devises all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate, upon trust, for sale and conversion, and to pay the income thereof to his sister Mrs. Emma Scott, for her life, and after her decease to divide the same equally between the children of his said sister living at his (testator's) decease, her daughter's shares being settled.

The will (dated March 7, 1900) of Dr. Henry James Haviland, of 6, Cedar House, Chelston Gardens, who died on Sept. 22, was proved on Oct. 26 by Charles James Haviland, the son, and Arthur Mess, two of the executors,

the value of the estate being £120,584. The testator bequeaths £500 and his household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Clarice Joséphine Haviland; £10,000 bank annuities, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Mary Alice Pruen; £5000 to his son Charles James; and £100 each to Edward M. Haviland and Eva Capel Haviland. He devises his land at Teversham and Pen Ditton, Cambridge, to his son Henry Alfred. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons.

The will (dated March 2, 1897) of Mr. Samuel Harvey Twining, of 14, Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, and 216, Strand, who died on Oct. 1, was proved on Nov. 16 by Mrs. Rosa Twining, the widow, and Herbert Haynes Twining, Harvey Twining, and Samuel Twining, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £103,598. The testator gives £500 and his household furniture and effects to his wife; 600 shares in Lloyds Banking Company, and such a sum as with the present value of such shares will make up £2000 each, for his three sons; £200 to his brother Frederick; £100 to his brother John Adred; his share and interest in the pictures and prints at 216, Strand, to his son Harvey; £1000 to his daughter Rosa; to his cousins Arthur J. Tweed, Charles Twining Sidgwick, and Clement Donaldson £50 each; to his nephew John Edmund Twining £50; to his grandchildren £50 each; to Mrs. Fanny Herring, Charles Harvey Herring, and Mrs. Julia Mostyn Owen £100 each; and legacies to servants.

During the life or widowhood of Mrs. Twining annuities of £200 each are to be paid to his daughters Mrs. Helena Macdonald and Mrs. Bertha Lawrence. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood. Subject thereto he gives £10,000 to his daughter Rosa; £800 each to his daughter's Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. Lawrence; and the ultimate residue between his said three sons.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1893), with a codicil (dated Aug. 2, 1900), of Lionel George Henry Seymour Dawson Damer, Earl of Portarlington, of Lino Park, Portarlington, Queen's County, and Came House, Dorchester, who died on Aug. 31, was proved on Nov. 14 by Emma Andalusia Frere, Countess of Portarlington, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate amounting to £90,976. The testator gives £1000 each to his daughters, the ladies Aline Mary Seymour, Christian Norah, and Moyra Marjorie Dawson Damer; the FitzHerbert diamond tiara, part of his furniture, and live and dead stock to his wife; his photographic apparatus to his eldest son; £100 to his agent, Beatie FitzHerbert; and legacies to servants. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he settles on his eldest son and his heirs male.

The will (dated July 25, 1895) of Major James Alexander Orr-Ewing, late 16th Lancers, of 9, Hill Street, who was killed at Kheis, while serving with the Warwickshire company of the Imperial Yeomanry, was proved on

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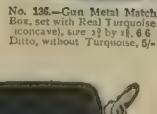
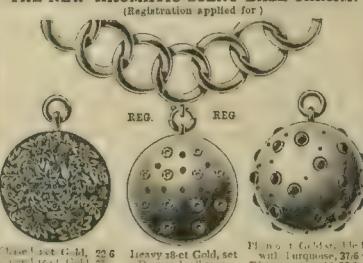
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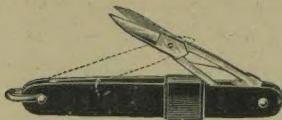
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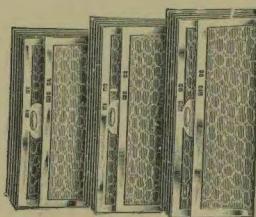
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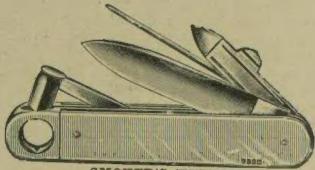
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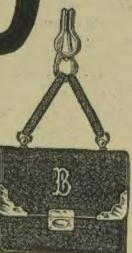
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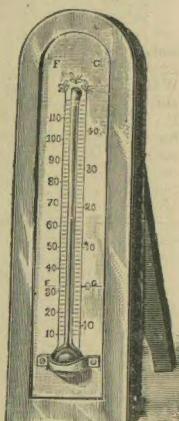
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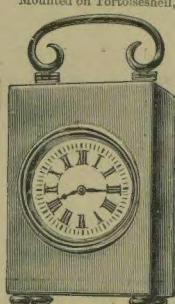
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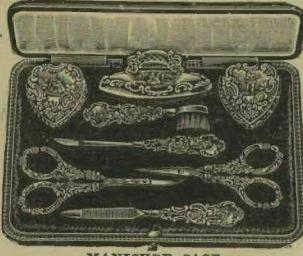
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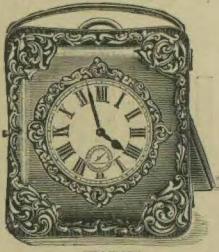
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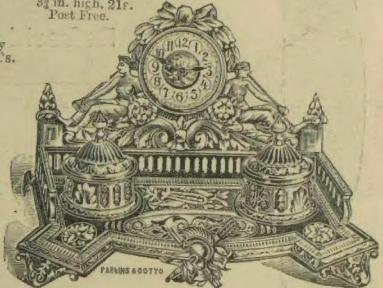
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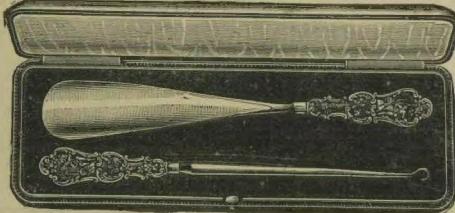
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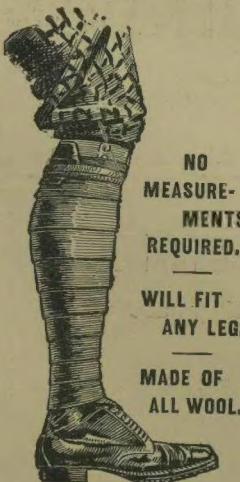
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Nov. 16 by Archibald Ernest Orr-Ewing, Captain John Orr-Ewing, and Charles Lindsay Orr-Ewing, the brothers, the executors, the value of the estate being £77,283. The testator gives £10,000, and all household furniture and effects, carriages and horses, to his wife, Lady Margaret Frances Susan Orr-Ewing, and the income during her widowhood of his residuary estate. Subject thereto he leaves all his property to his children, and on failure of this trust, then for his three brothers.

The will (dated Oct. 30, 1897) of Colonel Edward John Stracey-Clitherow, late Scots Fusilier Guards, of Boston House, Brentford, and Hotham Hall, York, who died on Sept. 20, was proved on Nov. 17 by the Rev. William James Stracey-Clitherow, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £64,660. The testator bequeaths £1000 and such part as she may select of his plate, linen, china, wines, carriages and horses, to his wife. A sum of £5000 is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life, and then upon like trusts as those of his settled estate.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1888) of Mr. Lawrence Warburton Pike, J.P., of Furzebrook, Wareham, Dorset, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Nov. 14 by Leonard Gaskell Pike, Edward Toronto Sturdy, and Charles James Lacey, the executors, the value of the estate being £67,689. The testator bequeaths £10,000, his freehold property in the Isle of Purbeck, and his furniture and carriages and

horses to his wife, Mrs. Eleanor Pike; and £250 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1898) of Mr. John Vaughan, J.P., D.L., of Nannau, near Dolgelly, who died on June 29, was proved on Nov. 12 by Mrs. Eleanor Ann Vaughan, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £63,476. Subject to certain life interests, the testator gives the Hengwrt estate, with the furniture and effects there, to his son John; and farms and lands in Merioneth to his son and daughter Robert and Eleanor Catherine. The residue of his personal estate he bequeaths to his wife. The remainder of his real estate he leaves to his wife for life, and then as she shall appoint.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissioner of Forfeit, of the trust disposition and settlement and codicils (dated Jan. 19, 1889, Oct. 15, 1891, Jan. 30, 1893, and May 18, 1896) of Colonel David William Stanley Ogilvy, tenth Earl of Airlie, 12th Lancers, of

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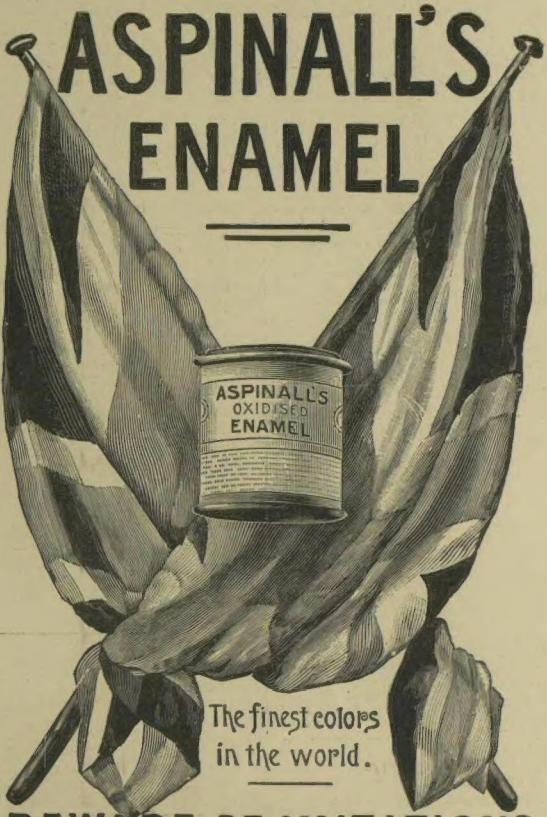
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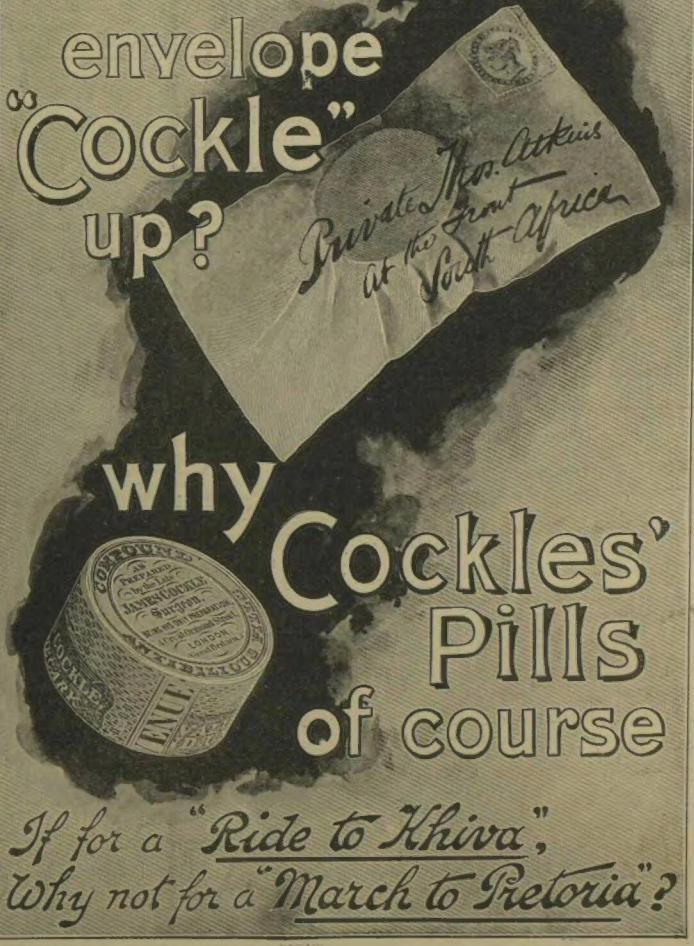
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The will (dated Nov. 11, 1899), with a codicil (dated Nov. 20 following), of Mrs. Mary Ann Nicholson, widow, of 51, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, who died on Oct. 14, was proved on Nov. 13 by Mrs. Sarah Grace Jardine, the daughter, Robert Jardine, the grandson, and James Jardine, Q.C., the executors, the value of the estate being £31,220. The testatrix gives her freehold residence at Lancaster Gate, with the furniture and effects therein, to her

daughters Mary Ann Nicholson and Sarah Grace Jardine; £2000 to her son-in-law Major-General Charles Frederick Parkinson; £200 and a mortgage for £1500 to Herbert Wylam Grace; £100 to John M. F. Tone; £100 each to her executors; £200 to her cook, Ann Reay; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves for her daughters Mary Ann Nicholson and Mrs. Jardine, and her granddaughter Christina Augusta Parkinson.

The will (dated May 11, 1900) of Mr. Daniel John Leech, M.D., of Elm House, Withington, Manchester, who died on July 2, was proved on Oct. 15 at the Manchester District Registry by Mrs. Louisa Mary Leech, the widow, Sir Bosdin Thomas Leech, the brother, and William Booth Leech, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £35,619. The testator gives £200 to his brother John Joseph Leech; an annuity of

£50 to his sister Maria Laurina Leech; £100 each to the children of his brother and sister Sir Bosdin Leech and Sarah Ann Ellis Adam; and his household furniture, carriages, and horses to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life. At her decease he gives his property at Ancoats and at Corporation Street, Manchester, to his brother Sir Bosdin Leech; £10,000 to Owens College for a Chair of Materia Medica and Therapeutics; and the ultimate residue to his nephews John George Adam and Ernest Bosdin Leech.

The will of Mr. William Wentworth Walker, J.P., of Oaken Manor, Codshall, Stafford, who died on June 14, was proved at the Lichfield District Registry on Oct. 23 by Archibald William Walker, the son, and Alan Bertram Hanbury Sparrow, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £9433.

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